

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 569.—Vol. XXII.

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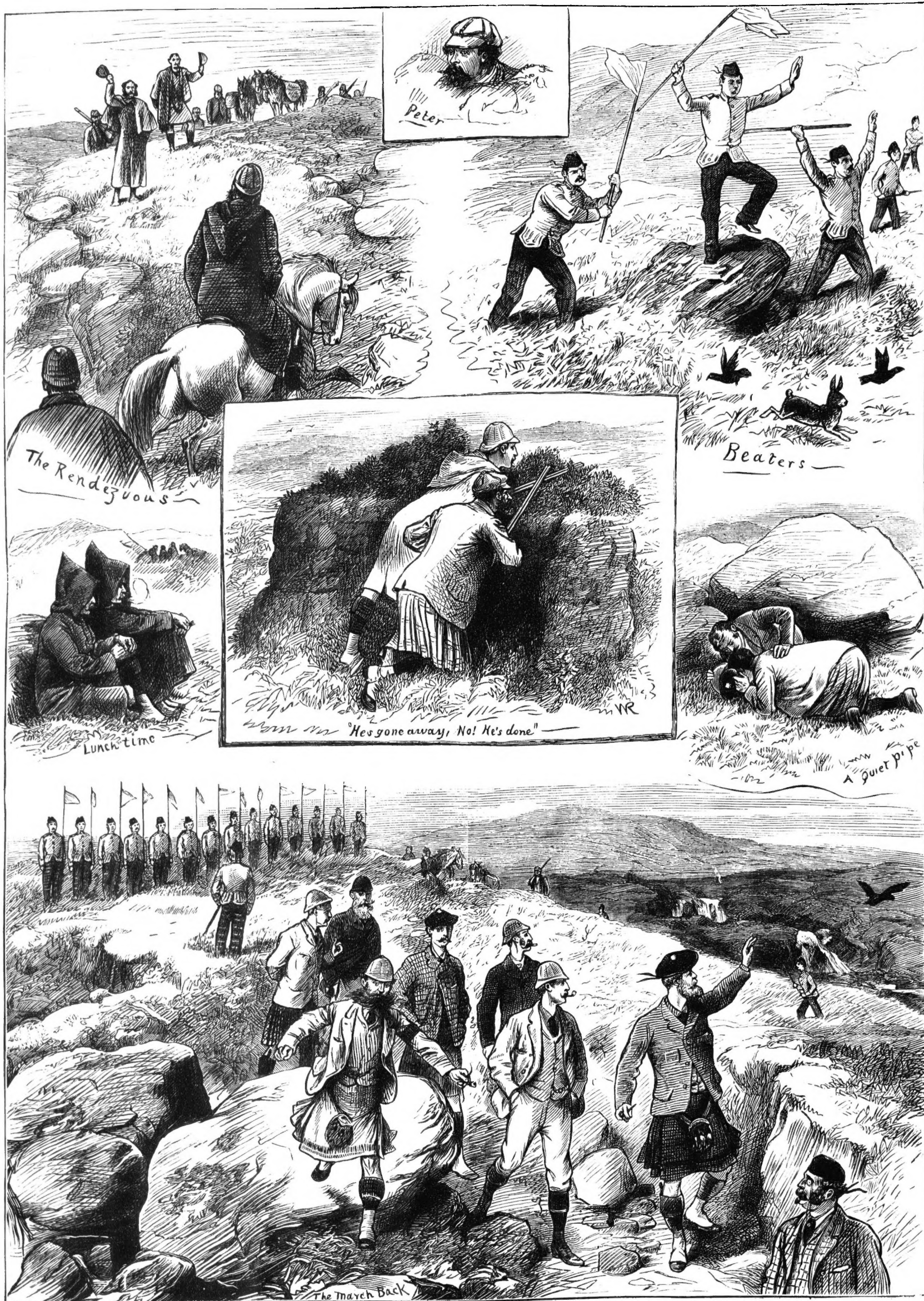
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 569.—VOL. XXII.  
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880

PRICE SIXPENCE  
[ Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny ]



NOTES AT A GROUSE DRIVE, GLENMUICK



## Topics of the Week

**TERRORISM IN IRELAND.**—Hitherto the Government have done nothing worth speaking of to check the anarchy which prevails over a large part of Ireland. They have proclaimed a couple of counties, but this is a measure of little practical efficacy unaided by the Peace Preservation Act. They have offered a thousand pounds for the discovery of the murderers of Downey, an utterly futile proceeding, for they very well know that agrarian assassins in Ireland are never yielded up to justice by the temptation of blood-money. Lastly, it appears now to be settled that they intend to prosecute some of the Land Leaguers for conspiracy. At the best this prosecution will be a slow process, and, if conducted on the ordinary constitutional plan, in a country where juries are wont to be biased towards political prisoners either by sympathy or by terror, is just as likely to end in a triumphant acquittal as in a conviction. This is absolutely all that the Government have at present done towards the restoration of peace and security, and yet they lie under an especially heavy responsibility because the present condition of Ireland is quite as much due to their attempts at revolutionary legislation as to the machinations of the Land League. Of course there is a vast difference between the motives of the two disturbing forces. The Government honestly hoped to produce peace and contentment; the aim of the Land League was to promote discontent, disloyalty, and disorder. The Government have failed lamentably in their endeavours; the Land Leaguers have probably succeeded beyond their own most sanguine expectations. They have managed to create an *imperium in imperio*, whose tyrannical dictates are obeyed with extraordinary subserviency, certain outrage and possible assassination being the penalties of non-compliance. The Government ought to grapple boldly with this monster, the more so because they unwittingly helped to call it into existence. To attack it by constitutional methods is to fight with one arm tied behind the back. A sharper and speedier plan is needed here. And let us not imagine that it is only a few landowners who need the protection of the law, although such protection would be their due even in a remote colony, much more within a few hours' journey of the metropolis of the British Empire. But the venom has penetrated far more widely and deeply. There are tens of thousands of Irishmen, at this moment, landlords, farmers, shopkeepers, and labourers, who are groaning under the tyranny of this *Vehmgericht*, and who would gladly be relieved from its control.

**THE PROSPECT IN THE EAST.**—The Porte has not been quite so compliant about Dulcigno as Europe expected. It has, as usual, insisted on "conditions;" and one of them—that vessels belonging to the Dulcigno coast should be allowed to retain and navigate under the Turkish flag—can only have been proposed as a means of securing delay. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the transfer of the town from Albania to Montenegro will be made; and it becomes more and more probable that when the transaction is complete there will be a lull for some time in the Eastern troubles. Mr. Gladstone would apparently be quite willing to go on to the settlement of the Greek difficulty, but he finds that he is met by unexpected obstacles. France, Germany, and Austria have no desire to renew the anxieties which have been caused by the negotiations respecting the Montenegrin claims; and it would be unjust to say that they hold back from merely selfish motives. Each of these Powers would be sincerely pleased to see the demands of the Greeks satisfied; but they naturally question whether it is worth while to satisfy them at the risk of stirring up a European war. The risk would be very great, since it is incredible that the Turkish Government, which has made so much fuss about a petty village, would quietly hand over to Greece some of the most fertile districts of the Empire. Russia, and perhaps Italy, would not object to support England in enforcing the decisions of the Berlin Conference. The English people, on the other hand, would thoroughly disapprove of a war waged even for the best of the Eastern nationalities, and the Prime Minister, powerful as he is, could not afford to act in defiance of national opinion. The Greeks threaten to take the matter into their own hands; and, if they did, they would make it exceedingly difficult for Mr. Gladstone to remain neutral. As, however, they are not a very impulsive race, we may hope that, after all, they will accept Lord Beaconsfield's advice, and try "the magic of patience."

**GUY'S HOSPITAL.**—The breach between the Governors and the doctors of this institution, which at one time threatened to be irremediable, has apparently been patched up, and it is to be hoped that in the future both parties will without quarrelling devote themselves to their main business, namely, the healing of the sick persons entrusted to their care. Throughout these unfortunate contentions, the sympathies of the public have been chiefly, and we think rightly, given to the medical staff. The troubles which have arisen appear to be indirectly due to the tendency—which is especially characteristic of middle-class commercial Englishmen—to bestow honorary offices of trust on persons with "handles to their names." In moderation, this fondness for

lords and persons of distinction is harmless, and may sometimes be beneficial; but when its result is that the Committee of an important institution consists almost entirely of such persons, who are too much engrossed with their own business and pleasure to devote any serious personal attention to its management, it follows as a matter of course that the real control of the place falls to some permanent official, in whose hands the Governors are really little better than puppets. If the Treasurer, under such circumstances, chances to be a sensible man, all may go well; but if he is crotchety and self-opinionated all may go very badly, the more so because professional medical men are entirely unrepresented on the Committee. If the intentions of Guy the founder had been followed, such an absurdity as a Hospital without a single medical man on its Board of Management would never have been tolerated, and the nursing staff would have been kept in its proper position, that is to say, a position entirely subordinate to the medical staff, on whom rests the principal responsibility of curing the patients.

**OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.**—It is surprising that the Home Rule party do not refer more frequently to Mr. Gladstone's Eastern policy in support of their claims. They could hardly find a more effective argument than he provides for them by his defence of the pretensions of the Balkan nationalities. These nationalities insist that for centuries they have been misgoverned, and that, therefore, the Porte has no genuine right to their allegiance. Some of them have consequently been released from their obligations; and the whole tendency of Mr. Gladstone's policy is to extend the work of emancipation. Now the claim of the Irish is precisely similar to that of these remote races. What they say is that England has brought upon them and their country infinite miseries by a detestable system of government; and they demand that their political destinies shall be placed in their own hands. If the plea is good in the one case, it ought to be good in the other; yet we do not hear that Mr. Gladstone, who is so devoted a friend of the nationalities at a distance, is disposed to grant the request of the nationality with which he himself has to deal most directly. The reason of course is that there are solid considerations of expediency which make it undesirable for England that Ireland should be independent. This, however, is precisely what is urged by those politicians who oppose the further disintegration of the Turkish Empire. They maintain that drastic changes in the East would inevitably lead to calamity, and that it is better on this account to try to reform the Ottoman Government than to hasten its ruin. Mr. Gladstone is unwilling even to listen to this view; but it is only in another form his own answer to the Home Rulers.

**THE UNITED STATES AND FREE TRADE.**—As we Britishers have cut off our own Protectionist tails, we are always advising other nations to do the same, and we are especially anxious to convert our American cousins. Till lately it was generally supposed in this country that the real strength of Protection in America lay among the New England millowners and the Pennsylvanian ironmasters, and that the Great West and the Solid South were both ardent Free Traders, only that, instead of choosing for themselves, they submitted to be towed in the wake of a minority of besotted Protectionists. Recent investigations, however, do not bear out these views. The Atlantic States are quite as good customers to the corn-growing West, for wheat and for other provisions, as is Europe. And, as they are told that Free Trade will imperil the prosperity of New England, the West would be sorry to see the purchasing power of so profitable a buyer diminished. Then the South was formerly ruled by an aristocracy of slave-owners, who were sufficiently acute to perceive that, as they sent almost all their produce to Europe, they would like to get back the manufactures of Europe in exchange as cheaply as possible. This old aristocracy was ruined and dispersed by the Civil War, and its place is taken by new men with Northern, that is, Protectionist ideas. Much of the cotton, too, now goes to the North, so that the South, like the West, would be loth to run the risk of hurting a good customer; and lastly, the South is rapidly developing manufactures of its own. Consequently, the South is becoming more Protectionist than it formerly was, and it is a significant proof of the change which has taken place that, although the Democrats were formerly regarded as Free Traders, General Hancock has lately put forth a manifesto shaking himself free of such pernicious heresies. The upshot of the whole matter is that the United States are a world in themselves; they have either got, or could produce within their wide boundaries, everything they want; and, as they are intensely patriotic, they are content to pay dearer for an article, provided one of Uncle Sam's boys has made it.

**BONAPARTISM AND FRANCE.**—The turbulent Bonapartist meeting which was held the other day in Paris seems to indicate that the party is breaking up. The friends and enemies of Prince Napoleon came to downright blows; and it was made tolerably clear that, in the mean time at any rate, they are not very likely to arrive at an understanding. Prince Napoleon's letter to those Imperialists who demand that he shall resign his claims was sharp and decisive; and it may be confidently predicted that he will never make way for a rival, even if the rival should be his own son. The party was weak enough in the time of the Prince Imperial;

but now it is almost shattered, for his successor is intensely disliked by all Bonapartists of clerical tendencies, and he has not succeeded in arousing the enthusiasm even of those Imperialists who recognise his pretensions. Bonapartism, however, poor as are its present fortunes, will not die yet awhile; for in some of the provinces the Napoleonic legend still survives, and the Republicans themselves seem to take pains to keep it alive. The conversion of such men as M. Robert Michell to Republicanism implies probably that there are a good many Imperialists who, if a favourable opportunity were provided for them, would give their adherence to the dominant political school. But how can they do this when the Republican Government enters with a light heart upon a bitter struggle with the Church? The non-authorised Congregations have done nothing to bring down upon them the harsh measures which are now being enforced; and their hardships keep alive among the Bonapartists a hope that France will some day turn to them again as her only protection against violence.

**THE ART OF PROCESSION-MAKING.**—With all our modern talk about Art (usually spelt with a big A), it is doubtful whether the love of Art is more than skin-deep with a good many of us. This is partly proved by the sheep-like docility with which we plunge into all sorts of artistic absurdities provided our bell-wethers (usually self-dubbed) lead the way. This train of thought is induced by the processions which have just taken place at Cologne, and which indicate a devotion and a perseverance to which we can make no pretension. If the degree of skill with which a nation manages its public processions be a test of its artistic standard, the English nation, we fear, must occupy rather a humble place. The utilitarian spirit of the last generation (dazzled by the triumphs of steam) despised all such pageantries as only worthy of the child-like Middle Ages. Since then a reaction has taken place, the mediæval spirit has powerfully affected Painting, Architecture, and the Church, and, as the Parisians have taught us to reverence the Lord Mayor, we do not, as our fathers did, merely tolerate the Show because its absurdity is redeemed by its antiquity. Still, compared with the processions of Continental towns, notably those of Belgium, the Rhine Provinces, and Austria, our Lord Mayor's Show is but a poor affair. It comprises two incongruous elements. There are various dignitaries who go because it is their duty to do so; and there are a number of accessories of the theatrical "super" class. There is little or none of the Continental enthusiasm which induces artists of renown to spend precious hours in designing tableaux and dresses, and which causes ladies and gentlemen of rank and position to take part in the procession themselves, instead of trusting such representations to professional hirelings. Perhaps our damp climate may atone for our lack of enthusiasm, yet pageants flourished in England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the climate was no better than it is now.

**A NEW CZAR.**—It is improbable that all the talk which has been going on about the Czar's marriage and abdication means nothing. His relations to the Princess Dolgorouki were well enough known during the lifetime of the Empress; and if he has really married again, it would be natural that in his infirm state of health he should wish to lay aside the cares of office. Heavy cares they have been to him for many a day past; and it is easy to believe that he would escape from them with a sigh of relief. The report is that the Czarewitch is to be proclaimed Co-Imperator, but that all real authority will be transferred to him. If this is true, the chances are that the immediate effect on Russia will be beneficial. The Czarewitch is understood to be a man of far more vigour of character than his father; and there can be little doubt that the first use he would make of his authority would be to reform, or to try to reform, the corrupt system of administration. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that his accession to power would be favourable to peace. He has never concealed his dislike for Germany and his love for France; and he is said to be an ardent upholder of the Pan Slavonic movement. The present Czar has associated himself with Pan Slavism; but he has done so unwillingly. A Czar who supported the "cause" from conviction and with enthusiasm would be much more dangerous; and we may be sure that the fact is not without influence on the plans which are now being formed in Berlin and Vienna, and perhaps also in Paris. England, too, has reason to watch with some anxiety the appearance of a new force by which her destinies may be powerfully affected.

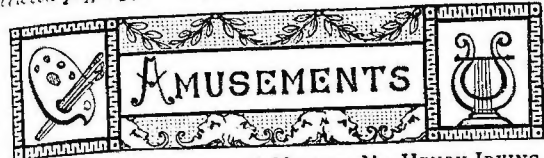
**GAS EXPLOSIONS.**—When reading the account of these disasters, we are usually struck with the persistency with which, regardless of experience, people repeat the same mistakes as have injured others. The ordinary incident is this. A strong smell of gas is perceived. At once somebody brings a lighted candle to the spot to search for the place of leakage. Almost immediately an explosion, more or less violent, occurs, and serious damage is done to persons and property. People never seem to realise the fact that hydrogen gas and air cannot mingle without an explosion. Such an explosion, on a small scale, occurs every time that one lights a gas jet; and, of course, on a large scale, its effects become proportionately destructive. We venture, then, to give the following hints in case of a gas escape. First, the gas should be turned off at the main, and then all the adjacent doors and windows opened. When the smell has ceased,



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a candle may be safely introduced into the suspected apartment, and then, the gas being turned on again at the main, the defective joint or crack will, if accessible, be speedily discovered by passing the light along it. If inaccessible, that is, if buried under the flooring boards, as is the stupid practice of our builders and gasfitters, it is better to do without gas till the floor can be opened, than to run the risk of a blow-up.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 396 and 405.



**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien del Franchi, Mr. Irving. THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS, by A. W. Pinero. Open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS, Saturdays, Oct. 23, 30, and Nov. 6 and 13; also Wednesdays, Nov. 3 and 10, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5 daily. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

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**BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.**—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, October 25, Engagement for Six Nights only of the Celebrated Comic Opera, THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, under the Management of Mr. D'Oyley Carte.

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In consequence of the sudden postponement of the intended Building alterations, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of Paintings, including the great attraction at this year's SALON—"Les Enervés de Jumièges," by Luminais, will be opened as usual on the First Monday in November, 1880.

**THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.**—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a powerful effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of The Graphic have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum according to progress made, varying from £15 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending profiting classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 4 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of The Graphic, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

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## A GROUSE DRIVE

A GROUSE drive, comprising some unusually picturesque elements, took place on September 21st, on the low beat of Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, at Glenmuick. The result, owing to the high wind, was not great, consisting of only some 105 birds, with a few hares, &c. The beaters were the men of the 71st (the present guard of honour) in red, with tartan trews. They carried pink or white flags, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the healthy run on the hill side. The birds went by with a tremendous rush, probably at the rate of over ninety miles an hour. There were present the Prince of Wales, Prince John of Glicksburg, the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, Mr. Allan Mackenzie, Lords Dupplin, Holmesdale, Colville, &c.—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain C. W. Cole, R.N.

## AFGHANISTAN

MAJOR GEORGE FREDERICK BLACKWOOD, of the Royal Horse Artillery, was the second son of the late Major William Blackwood, of the Bengal Army, and a grandson of the founder of the well-known publishing firm of that name. He entered the artillery branch of the Bengal service as Lieutenant in 1857, served in the suppression of the Mutiny, and, after receiving a Captaincy in 1867, in the Loosha Expedition, being present at the attack on Tipai Mulch, Kungning, and Taikooni. His report upon this campaign contained many valuable suggestions concerning the use of artillery and the management of elephants in such expeditions, and was published by the Government of India. His services were rewarded with a Brevet Majority in 1872. During the first part of the Afghan War he was at home in England on sick leave, but after the massacre at Cabul he proceeded to Candahar, and on the advance of Ayoub Khan was ordered out in command of the Artillery under General Burrows. The condition of the field after the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud showed plainly with what desperate energy the Artillery had fought; and the position in which Major Blackwood's body was found indicated that he had fallen during the last gallant stand made by our troops. His death is mourned by all his brother officers and friends, not only as a personal bereavement, but as a public loss to the regiment and army, for no better officer ever entered the service.

LIEUT. CHARLES W. HINDE, Adjutant of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, was the son of Major-General John Hinde, C.B., late of the 8th (King's) Regiment. He entered the Bombay Staff Corps from H.M.'s 83rd Regiment in October, 1871, was appointed Adjutant of the 1st Bombay Native Infantry (Grenadiers), in November, 1874, and was serving in that appointment when killed at the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud. He was one of the smartest and most popular officers in the service.

LIEUTENANT EDMUND G. OSBORNE was a son of the late Robert Osborne, Esq., of Laurence Weston, Gloucestershire. When only eighteen he passed second on the list into Woolwich, and fifteen months later he joined the Royal Artillery. He served with General Sir F. Roberts, V.C., in the Kuroom Valley Campaign, as Adjutant of the Royal Artillery, and was honourably mentioned in that General's despatches, after the capture of the Peiwar Kotal. He was appointed to E Battery B Brigade of the Horse Artillery last year, this being the battery he served so gallantly and fearlessly at the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud, when, after helping to rescue one of the guns which had been taken by the enemy, he was shot as he wheeled his horse about to go to the rescue of another gun which had also been captured.

MAJOR THOMAS BURTON VANDELEUR, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who has succumbed to the wounds he received in the sortie from Candahar of the 16th of August, had passed his whole service of twenty-five years in the Royal Fusiliers. He had only recently been promoted from senior Captain of the 1st Battalion to a majority in the battalion abroad, and hurrying out to India in the spring of the year, joined head-quarters at Candahar shortly before the disaster at Kushk-i-Nakhud. A brother officer in a letter describing the sortie says:—"Poor Major Vandeleur was dreadfully wounded in the right shoulder by an explosive bullet, while he was in command of the rear-guard, and fighting his way inch by inch back to the walls of the citadel. He managed to get inside the gates, and for nine days he lingered on, but at last it was deemed advisable to amputate his arm from the shoulder, and he sank under the effects of the operation, and died the following morning at 1 A.M." Major Vandeleur was a member of an old Irish family, the Vandeleurs of Kilrush, County Clare, and he married in September, 1875, Florence, only daughter of the late Shaw Smith, Esq., of Dublin. He received his first commission as Ensign by purchase in September, 1855, was promoted Lieutenant in 1857, became Captain (by purchase), in 1864, Brevet-Major in 1877, and Major in January last.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Major Blackwood, by Baker and Burke, Punjab; Lieut. Hinde, by Ritter and Molkenteller, Bombay and Poona; Lieut. Osborne, by Disderi and

Co., 4, Brook Street, London; and Major Vandeleur by Byrne and Co., Richmond.

## THE BATTLE OF BABA WALI

GENERAL ROBERTS and his force for the relief of Candahar left Cabul on August 9, and reached their destination on August 31, having thus accomplished a march of 318 miles in the short time of twenty-three days, including two halts. One of them was at Rohat, near Candahar, where General Roberts gave his troops a day's rest in order that they might be ready for action when they arrived at the city. Thus, early on the morning of the 1st inst., General Roberts began operations by at once attacking Ayoub Khan's position. This chieftain had pitched his camp behind a ridge of hills, which start from the river Argandab, and run in a north-easterly direction. The ridge is pierced by two passes, the Baba Wali and the Moorcha, and between them, behind the ridge, lay the main body of the enemy's army, their position extending for two miles, one extremity lying close to the village of Mazra, and the other to within a mile of the river. General Roberts disposed his troops in three portions. With one of these he covered Candahar, with the second he threatened an attack on the Baba Wali Pass, and with the third, placed on the extreme left, he made his real attack by rounding the ridge on the side of the river, and then attacking the enemy's position in force. This attacking force was again divided into three brigades, advancing separately. Soon after 9 A.M. the advance was begun by the 92nd Highlanders and the 2nd Goorkhas, marching on a village occupied by a detachment of the enemy, the village at the same time being shelled by our guns. The enemy retreated, and the advance was promptly followed up, being resisted at each step by the Afghans, who lined every bank and garden with their marksmen. Our troops gallantly carried every obstacle with a rush right up to a village round the shoulder of the ridge. Here the leading brigade had intended to halt and wait for reinforcements, but the enemy appearing active and menacing, Generals Ross and Macpherson continued the advance without a pause, gaining every few yards by literal charging. Half a mile further a small camp of the enemy was rapidly taken by the 92nd Highlanders, led by Major G. S. White. With this success the active resistance of the enemy ceased, and what followed, the correspondent of *The Times* tells us, was merely a pursuit, "in which at every step abandoned guns fell into the hands of the pursuing troops." The 2nd Brigade now took the lead, and were the first to reach the main camp of the enemy, which covered a large tract of ground, reaching as far as the village of Maza, with a line of guns which were left in position. Here the pursuit, as far as the infantry was concerned, came to an end, and the cavalry was brought into play, the Bombay Cavalry Brigade, which had been stationed opposite the Baba Wali Pass, being sent after the enemy through the village of Mazra, up the Argandab Valley. In Ayoub's camp the first sight that met the troops was the body of Lieut. MacLaine, who had been called out and shot by his guard upon the order to retreat being given. The casualties during the day were three officers and forty-one non-commissioned officers and men killed, thirteen officers and 180 non-commissioned officers and men being wounded. Such is a brief summary of the last action of the present campaign, by which Ayoub has been completely routed and driven back to Herat.

Our sketches represent some of the leading incidents of the day. One (sent by Lieutenant A. R. Martin, of the 5th Goorkhas) shows the 1st and 2nd Brigades turning the enemy's flank round the shoulder of the ridge above described. Lieutenant Martin writes:—"The 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades of Sir F. Roberts' force, after turning the enemy out of the village and enclosed gardens, drove them across the open, at the foot of the end of the Baba Wali range of hills into their main position behind the Baba Wali Khotal, where their camp was pitched. The sketch represents the 72nd Highlanders, 92nd Highlanders, 5th Goorkhas, and other regiments of the two Brigades skirmishing across this open. On the left the enemy are returning over the hill-side, and through the gardens and cultivated ground. In the distance, on the left, are some of the enemy's guns in position. These guns were some of the first to be taken. The principal part of the enemy's camp lay to the left and behind the hills."

Another sketch, representing the last charge of the day, is sent by Lieut. Macbean, 92nd Highlanders, who writes:—"The 92nd were lying in a shallow ditch in line. The enemy were pouring in a tremendous fire both from the rifles lining the bank and two artillery guns. Major White's voice was hardly heard above the rattling fire from both sides, but 'The 92nd are to take the two guns,' was quite enough. Up we jumped, and with a cheer went across the onion field—our casualties were very heavy then. As usual the bayonet was not waited for, though the enemy were most determined, the gunners sticking to their guns until our men were within two or three paces of them. The Afghans were admirably protected by a high bank and a canal in front of them. One of the guns was loaded to the muzzle, and the gunner was shot just as he was pulling the lanyard." Lieut. Macbean also sends the sketch of the Highlanders in Ayoub's camp, and writes:—"The scene was most amusing. The men pulled out all sorts of uniforms, plumed helmets, long dressing gowns, &c., and putting them on over their kilts, appeared in most grotesque costumes. The ground was covered with clothes, grain, fodder, arms, artillery, harness, &c., showing in what haste the camp had been left."

Our double-page engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant E. A. Smith, R.A., and represents a general view of the flight and pursuit of the enemy. He writes:—"It is taken from Baba Wali, looking into the Valley of the Argandab, from the position where the infantry of the 2nd Brigade halted in order to allow the cavalry to pursue. Our cavalry brigade was on the far side of the river, and appeared to be rather far back to do much execution; but we afterwards heard that they severely punished bands of fugitives later in the day. The Bombay Cavalry were some time coming up, but also hotly pursued the enemy when once on the scent."

## MASONIC INSTALLATION AT DURHAM

ON Tuesday, last week, a grand Masonic ceremony was performed in the Hall of Durham Castle, the occasion being the installation of the Marquis of Londonderry, K.P., as Provincial Grand Master of the Province of Durham. On the dais were about 150 officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge, and in the body of the Hall some 800 Master Masons, from the various Lodges in the county and more distant localities, were assembled. The ceremony was performed by the Earl of Lathom, Deputy Grand Master of England, assisted by Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., Acting Deputy Provincial Grand Master. After the installation the Freemasons, wearing their official robes and insignia, went in procession to the cathedral, where a special service was held, and a sermon on the Principles of Freemasonry was preached by Brother the Rev. Canon Cundell, M.A., Acting Provincial Grand Treasurer. After the service the Freemasons returned in processional order to the Castle, where the ceremony of disrobing was performed, and the Provincial Grand Lodge was closed with the customary formalities. In the evening a grand Masonic banquet was given in the Town Hall.

It is forty years since a similar ceremony took place in Durham, the last Provincial Grand Master installed there being Brother John Fawcett, the oldest Grand Master, who in 1876 had the honour of installing H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, under the protection of which there are more than 1,000 Lodges. English Freemasons profess to trace the origin of the craft as far back as the holding of a Convention of Masons in York in 926.





ADMIRAL SIR FRED. BEAUCHAMP PAGET SEYMOUR, K.C.B.  
Commander of the Allied Squadron in the East



LIEUT. C. W. HINDE, ADJUTANT OF THE 1ST BOMBAY GRENADIERS  
Killed at the Battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



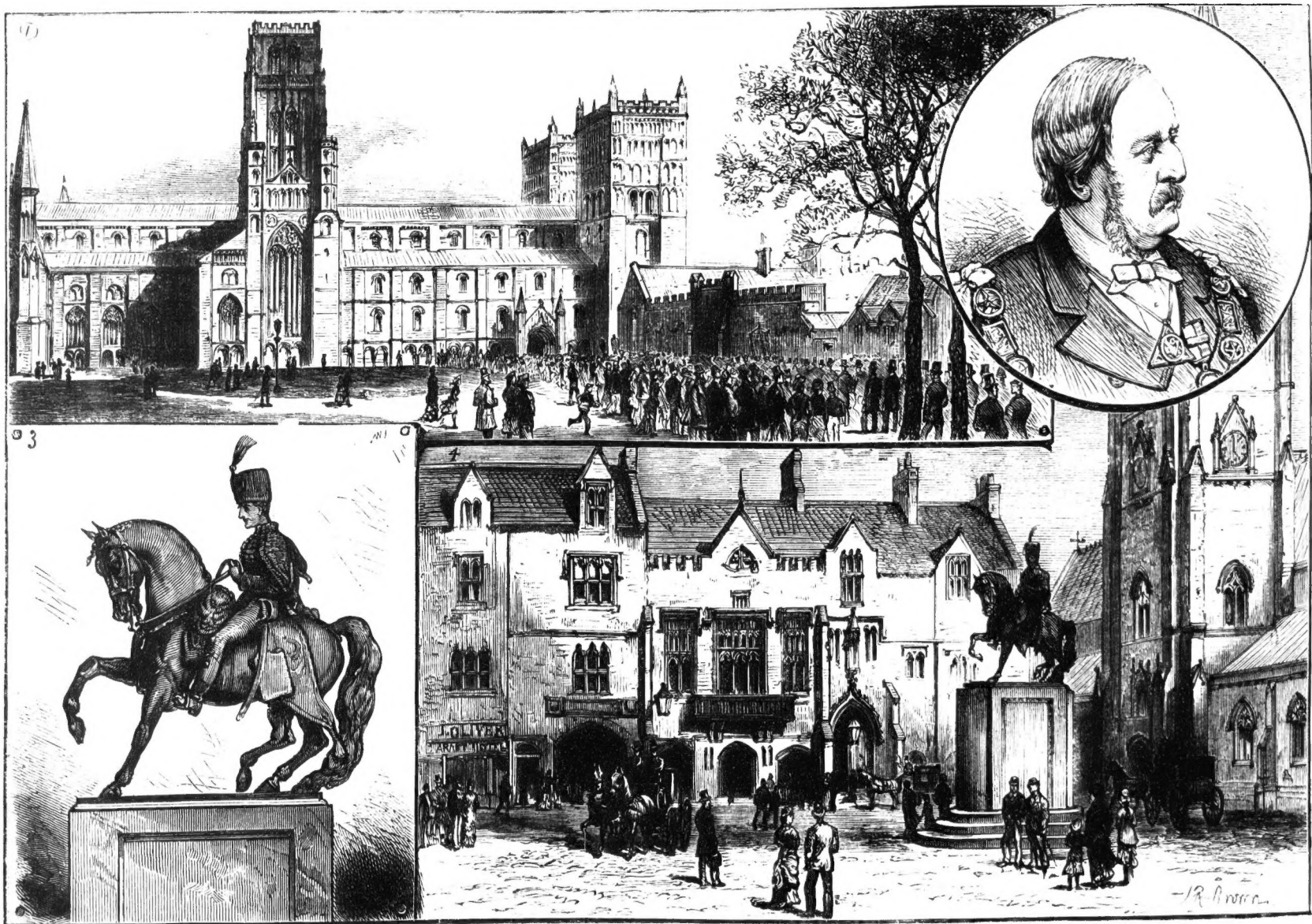
MAJOR G. F. BLACKWOOD, R.H.A.  
Killed at the Battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



MAJOR T. B. VANDELEUR, 7TH ROYAL FUSILIERS  
Died Sept. 26, from Wounds received during the Sortie from Candahar, Sept. 16



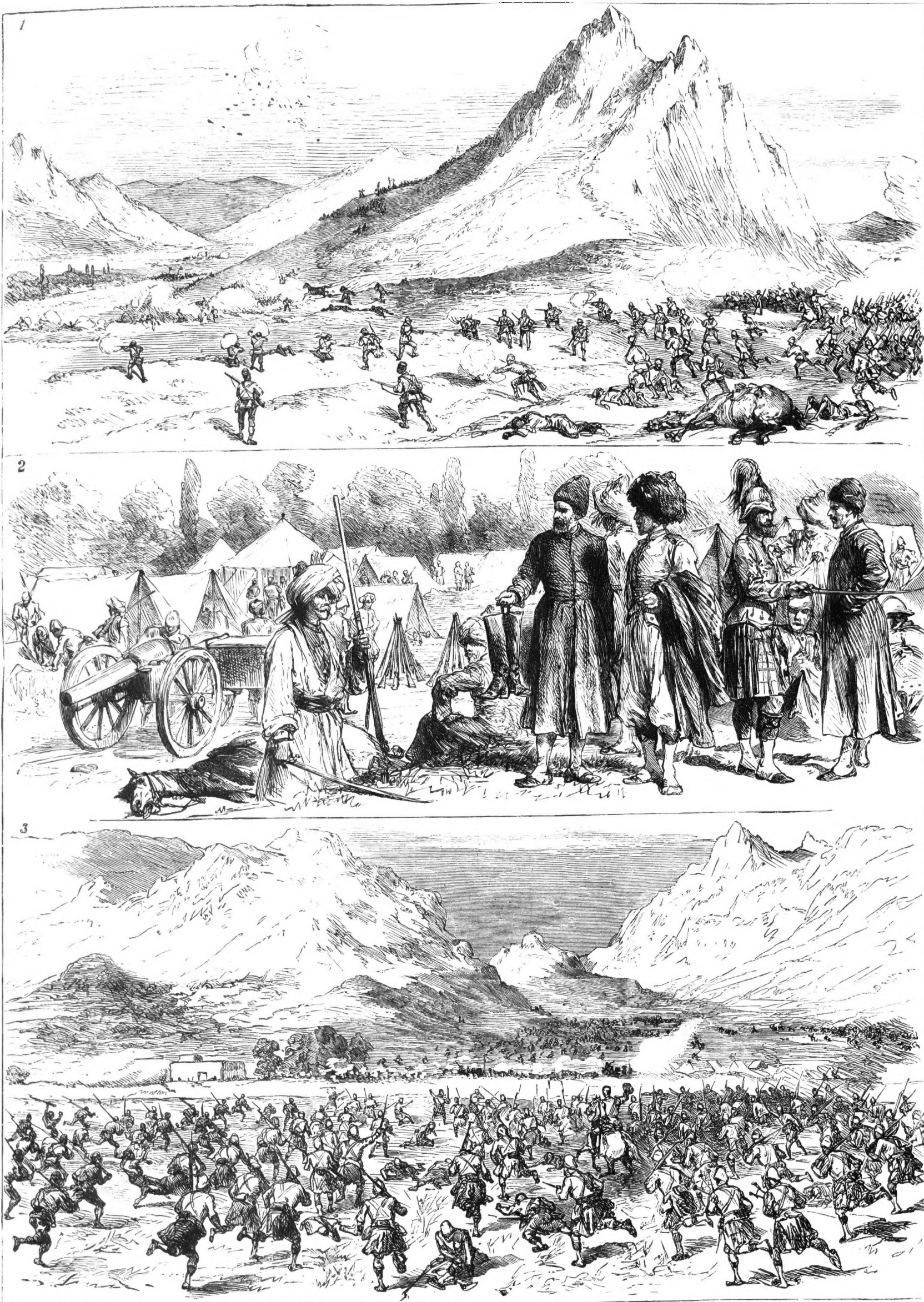
LIEUT. EDMUND G. OSBORNE, R.H.A.  
Killed at the Battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud, July 27



1. The Procession Going to the Cathedral.—2. The Marquis of Londonderry, K.P.—3. Statue to the Fourth Marquis of Londonderry, Father of the Present Marquis.—4. The Town Hall, where the Banquet took place.

INSTALLATION OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF THE FREEMASONS AT DURHAM





1. The Attack on Ayoub Khan's Position : Turning the Enemy's Flank.—2. The Spoils of War : The 92nd Highlanders in Ayoub Khan's Camp.—3. The Last Charge of the Day :  
"The 92nd are to Take the Guns."

AFGHANISTAN—GENERAL ROBERTS' VICTORY AT BABA WALI, SEPT. 1



### THE COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

THE completion of Cologne Cathedral was celebrated on Friday and Saturday with the most brilliant ceremonies. Cologne itself was bountifully bedecked in festival attire, and filled with the most princely and distinguished personages of Germany. On Monday morning the Emperor, the Empress, and the King of Saxony, with many other reigning Princes arrived, and the Emperor and Empress attended a Protestant service at the Trinity Church. They then went to the Cathedral, where they were greeted by the Dean and the Architectural Commission, and a grand *Te Deum* was sung, after which came the ceremony of the day. The Imperial party, coming out of the Cathedral, crossed the square, which had been surrounded by galleries for privileged spectators, and took up their places in a pavilion. Here the deed referring to the completion of the Cathedral was read to the Emperor, and was subsequently signed by the whole of the party. It was then taken up to the summit of one of the towers, where it is to lie beneath the topmost ornament. The Emperor then delivered an address, congratulating the nation on the completion of the Cathedral, and referring affectionately to his brother, King Frederick William IV., under whose auspices the work had been recommenced thirty-eight years ago. To this the chief architect and the President of the Building Commission made suitable replies, and the Imperial standard being hoisted on the tower, the huge Emperor Bell rang out, a salvo of artillery was fired, the document was slipped into its receptacle, and the final inauguration of Cologne Cathedral was achieved.

Next day the great Historical Procession took place, being witnessed by the Emperor and Empress and their guests from the Pavilion in the Cathedral Square. The procession had been admirably organised by a committee of artists and professors, and was strictly correct in every detail, the performers being Germans of all States, either of high or very high rank, or burghesses of the better classes, while the womenkind were selected from the prettiest ladies, chosen from every part of the Empire. The procession was divided into three sections, and embraced the whole history of the Cathedral from 1243 to 1842, when its completion was commenced by King Frederick William IV. The first picture of the pageant portrayed the laying of the foundation stone of the cathedral, and contained representatives of men-at-arms, trumpeters, heralds, banner bearers, and municipal authorities of the period, a *fac simile* of the shrine of the Three Kings, together with young King William of Holland, then German Emperor, Cardinal Capocci, Archbishop Konrad von Hochstade, the founder of the cathedral, and a group of the first architect, Gerard von Rile and his workmen, bearing a plan of the Cathedral. The second portion symbolised the completion of the nave in 1322, and was ushered in by detachments of Hussars, cross-bowmen, standard-bearers, and representatives of the citizens who fell at the battle of Ulrepforte, and the war chariot manned with stout warriors. Then came the group which is shown in two of our illustrations—the war ship of the old Hansa or Hanseatic League, that gigantic trade organisation formed by the cities of Northern Germany for the protection of their commerce, and of which Cologne was one of the capitals. First came the war ship of the League—a quaint old vessel, drawn by six horses, and manned by a bevy of fair ladies, crowned and splendidly costumed, representing the cities of the League. A heavy van of merchandise, escorted by mounted troopers followed. After this came a choir of children, Archbishop von Virneburg, as Lord of the Land, and a car with a model of the Cathedral Choir, the architect Master Johann and his masons, and the various trade guilds of the time bringing up the rear. The third and last portion of the procession depicted the laying of the first stone towards the completion of the cathedral by King Frederick William IV. in 1842, and of this the chief features were a *fac simile* of the gigantic crane which stood for three hundred years on the unfinished tower, and a car containing “Germania,” with a model of the finished Cathedral. The rear of this procession was brought up by a selection of troops from every branch of service in the Imperial army. We may close our account with mentioning that the first portion was designed by the painter Ernest Roeber, of Düsseldorf, the second by Professor Baar and Painter Beckmann, of Düsseldorf, and the third by Professor Camphausen, of Düsseldorf.

AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN ALGIERS;  
AN OPIUM DEN IN THE EAST END;  
ON THE LINE;  
AND  
THE STORMY PETREL  
See page 399.

### ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, K.C.B.

NOT many Admirals, probably, since navies were first invented, have had to perform a more delicate and difficult mission than Admiral Seymour when entrusted with the command of the Allied Squadron which has been demonstrating in the Adriatic with regard to the Albano-Montenegro difficulty, now, it is to be hoped, happily settled. The Squadron was intended to be in the eyes of the Turks a symbol of the united Sovereignty of Europe, but it is well known that, if the Commander-in-Chief had not exercised considerable tact, this unity would have been seriously imperilled, for the crews of several of the vessels would far rather have pitched into each other than into the Moslem. It used to be said of the skippers of the old East Indiamen that it was far harder for them to settle questions of precedence at the cuddy-table than to sail their ship round the Cape; and a good deal of this sort of delicate arrangement fell to Admiral Seymour's share.

Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour, son of the late Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp Seymour, was born in 1821. He was educated at Eton, entered the Royal Navy in 1834, became Lieutenant 1842, Commander 1847, Captain 1854, Rear Admiral 1870, and Vice Admiral 1876. He served in Burmah and New Zealand during the respective Wars of 1852-3 and 1860-1, being severely wounded in the latter. He was Commodore in command of the Australian station 1860-2, was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty 1866, was a Lord of the Admiralty 1872-74, and commanded the Channel Squadron 1874-7. He was created a C.B. in 1861, and a K.C.B. 1877.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John MacLardy, Oswestry.

### “A SUNNY AFTERNOON”

Now that the days are chilly, and the grass damp, it is a pleasure to look upon this picture, which recalls one of those days, not too common in an English summer, when it seems absolutely a sin (supposing you have any choice in the matter) to stay indoors, when the sun throws down a fervid flood of light, and when, consequently, fans, parasols, and shady trees are greatly in request.

### POLO PLAYERS IN BURMAH

“BURMAH,” says Captain Barker, 89th Regiment, to whom we are indebted for the photograph from which our engraving is taken, “presents but small attraction for those fond of field sports. The shooting is bad and hard to get, there is no fishing, and there is not even a jackal to hunt in the whole country; but wherever there is a military station polo flourishes. The Burman ponies are well adapted for the game, being very hardy, up to any weight, and not too large. I have seen a man of six-feet-four playing on a pony only one inch over twelve hands, and he was well carried. Our station being a small one, we welcome players from every quarter, and the group consists of five soldiers, a judge, a merchant, a doctor,

and a parson, the latter not being the least enthusiastic of our players. No fair ladies come to behold our prowess, and the result may be seen in our costume, which is more useful than ornamental.”

### BLESSING THE WATERS IN RUSSIA

THE first of August is observed as a great holiday among the Russians. The day is called “First Spas” (which latter word signifies “Saviour”), and commemorates the crossing of the Sea of Galilee by our Saviour and His disciples. After the full morning service the procession leaves the church, peasants walking in front with six church banners, then two young peasants carrying a large *ikon*, after which *ikons* of smaller sizes are carried by peasant girls. Then comes the chief priest, wearing on his head a golden cross. Numerous spectators, chiefly peasants from the neighbouring villages, follow with the procession.

As soon as the bridge, decorated with trees (shown in our engraving), is reached, a few short prayers are said by the priest. He then dips the cross and the banners thrice into the water. The water is now considered holy, and a wonderful scene ensues. About a hundred peasants, fully dressed, only without boots, jump into the water, some from the bridge, and some from boats, or from the shore. Old women hasten to fill their jugs with the sacred fluid, which they keep for a year, and which is believed to heal all diseases. Those of the people who do not take a bath all wet their heads.



THE BRIBERY COMMISSIONS REPORTS continue to occupy much space in the daily papers, and the disgraceful revelations which are so shamefully made by the witnesses to excite the indignation and astonishment of all who are not lost to all sense of honour and morality. It is, however, in some degree consolatory to believe and hope that good must eventually come out of the evil in the shape of an early and thorough reform of our electoral system.

MR. CHAPLIN, M.P., speaking on Wednesday at a Conservative banquet at Gainsborough, said that they were by no means disheartened by the reverse sustained at the last general election. As a general rule the Conservatives were lied to death, and the Liberals committed *felo de se*. The present Government had great difficulties to contend with, but they were mainly of their own creation, and were due to the pilgrimage of passion made in Mid-Lothian. The Ministry was one of broken pledges and recantations. Mr. Gladstone having bullied the Sultan, was snubbed in return; and the Naval Demonstration was the greatest farce of modern times. They were directly responsible for the deplorable condition of Ireland, for if they had not already exercised their full powers, they ought to be impeached; while if they had done so, and found them inadequate, Parliament ought at once to be asked for exceptional legislation.

THE IRISH LAND AGITATION continues, although a visible effect has been produced upon the fervid eloquence of the spokesmen by the rumour that the Government is contemplating the prosecution of some of the leaders. Even Mr. Parnell has been more guarded than usual in his utterances, although he endeavours to show a bold front, and to express confidence that he at least will not be interfered with. Mr. Forster, in a letter declining an invitation to a Liberal banquet at Armagh, very properly says that just now the Irish Secretary ought to stand before the people as a member of the Executive rather than as belonging to any political party. He also remarks that the causes of disorder lie very deep, and that one of the chief grounds for anxiety is the difficulty of enacting needful reforms, especially in the land laws, while outrages prevail, but he does not despair that law-abiding men throughout Ireland will effectually help the Government in vindicating the law.—The four men arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Lord Mountmorres have been discharged, there being no evidence to establish their identity with the assassins. Lady Mountmorres has received several threatening letters, and has been obliged to employ the police, who are protecting her at Ebor Hall, to cut down trees for fuel, the people refusing to sell her any, or to allow any one to work for her. It is said that the Queen intends granting to her ladyship the use of the apartments now vacant at Hampton Court. Another agrarian outrage has been committed at Knockane, near Dromdaleague, county Cork, where a car-driver in the employ of a Mr. Hutchins has been killed by a shot supposed to have been intended for his master. Mr. Hutchins had with him a revolver, which (perhaps owing to excitement) he appears to have dropped in the car, and when he recovered it the assassin was out of range. The miscreant was seen loitering about by several persons, but no one attempted to interfere with him, and subsequent search has been unavailing. A reward of 1,000*l.* has been offered by the Government for information leading to his conviction.—On Tuesday a man named Sheehan, in the employ of Mr. Massey, Macroom, County Cork, was attacked and severely wounded by three men who are supposed to have been lying in wait for Mr. Massey.—The *Dublin Mail* says that several insurance offices have signified their unwillingness to grant policies of insurance to either landlords or land agents in Ireland without a special clause exempting the company from liability in the case of the policy-holder's assassination.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE held its annual meeting on Tuesday at Manchester, the Council meeting being under the presidency of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who said that they had now got through the argumentative stage of the agitation, the House of Commons having admitted the justice of their policy. They must not, however, be too joyful, or too cock-a-hoop, for they had yet to get the House to carry out the good resolution it had passed, and the only way to do it was to keep on the pressure. For himself, he was utterly powerless without the Alliance, but with them he was strong enough to overcome all the brewers and publicans. At the public meeting the chair was taken by the Bishop of Manchester, who reminded his hearers that they were still only at the foot of the Hill of Difficulty. They would have not only to educate the constituencies of this country, but to fairly penetrate them with a public opinion much stronger than at present exists in favour of temperance before they could hope to see their local option principle embodied in law. He believed, however, that the Alliance had struck the true note in telling the people that the remedy of gigantic evils was in their own hands. Sir Wilfrid Lawson in moving one of the resolutions said that the Alliance had not now any Bill or Bills cut and dried to bring before them, but they had something much better—a Government pledged to bring in a Bill to deal with the question. Mr. Gladstone's words were, “As early as the pressure of business will allow;” but it was for the supporters of the Alliance throughout the land to say to the Prime Minister, in tones that could not be mistaken, that there is no business so pressing as legislation to promote the order, happiness, and morality of the great body of the people.

THE SURVIVING OFFICERS OF TRAFALGAR, of whom only six now remain, dined together on Thursday in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Nelson's glorious victory.

THE SNOW STORM ON WEDNESDAY, quite unexpected, and unusually early in the year, was general throughout the country, but most severe in the Midland and Western counties, where many telegraph wires were broken down. In London the weather was

bitterly cold, and snow and sleet fell during the whole of the forenoon. The balloon contest which was to have taken place between Mr. Wright and the well-known French aeronaut, M. de Fonville, was postponed until the next day, but the Lord Mayor and his foreign guests consoled themselves for the disappointment with a luncheon and some speechmaking at the Crystal Palace.

AN INTERNATIONAL MUNICIPAL BANQUET was given on Tuesday at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the principal guests being the municipal representatives of Paris and Brussels. M. Cernesson responded for the first-named city, M. Vanderstraten for the last, and the Mayor of Winchester for “the English municipalities.”

THE NEW TOWN HALL OF WAKEFIELD, which has been erected at a cost of 80,000*l.*, was opened on Monday by the Mayor.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE held a Conference at Westminster Palace Hotel on Wednesday, and adopted a resolution calling the immediate attention of the Government to the necessity of stimulating the cultivation of the land, especially by obtaining security for the capital of tenants invested in improvements of their holdings.

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL is now almost complete, and, according to the *Citizen*, is to be “dedicated to observation” by the Prince of Wales on his entry into the City on the occasion of the Masonic Banquet, which is to be given at the Mansion House on Monday next. Those who consider it a useless obstruction, however, continue their opposition and protests, and it is said that when Parliament meets it will be asked to pass a short Act for its removal.

EPING FOREST was visited on Saturday by the Lord Mayor, the Verderers, the Reclamation Committee, and the Duke of Connaught in his capacity as Ranger. A number of memorial trees were planted in different parts of the Forest, the first three being set in the earth by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Lady Mayoress.



A MANAGER who has in these days the courage to produce a substantial dramatic work by an English author of comparatively untried abilities is entitled to the friendly consideration of all those who are desirous of seeing the servile dependence of our stage upon foreign adaptations give place to a really national drama. So much, therefore, may at least be said for the gentleman who has just assumed the onerous duties of manager of the OLYMPIC Theatre. The new management, however, has done more than this. It has made the little theatre in Wynd Street more cheerful of aspect and more comfortable to sit in; and it has assembled a company who, whether the venture prospers or languishes, must of necessity be paid, and doubtless be paid handsomely, including as it does performers of high talent and of well-deserved reputation. Who would not wish that so much spirit and enterprise should meet with its reward? All these efforts, however, can avail little if the pieces performed fail to interest; and unhappily Mr. Hay's new drama in three acts, produced on the opening night under the title of *Mabel*, has not much to recommend it. Its story is outrageously improbable; but that is not necessarily a bar to success, as we see at this moment in the case of the new drama called *The World*, which is nightly attracting crowds of visitors to Drury Lane. A far worse fault is the want of definite appeal to human sympathies in the proceedings of its leading personages. In an evil hour Mr. Hay has been induced to resort to an old forgotten piece of the elder Dumas called *Le Marbrier*, and to borrow from this source for the very foundations of his play an incident rather heavily charged with the unrealities of French sentimentalism. No one who is at all familiar with the French stage can have any difficulty in recalling pieces in which, out of tender regard for a parent, relatives are induced to conceal for him or her the death of a favourite child. As a rule it is, under such circumstances, considered lawful—at least on the French stage—to resort to falsehood and artifice to any extent—the means being held to justify the benevolent end of hiding from the loving parent the calamity that has happened. To palm off another child, and to maintain the imposition by a cunningly contrived web of fiction, may be said to be almost the etiquette of the situation; for (as the amiable conspirators are generally careful to inform the audience) the object of their anxious solicitude is subject to heart disease, and cannot stand a sudden shock; or he has been driven insane by the loss of his child, and is only to be soothed and restored to sanity by making him believe that his bereavement was merely a dream.

In Mr. Hay's play the father is just expected home from India; the young lady has died at the hotel in Southampton, where the mother and her nephew are awaiting his arrival. The deceased young lady is buried in the cemetery; and orders have been given to the monumental mason, who has actually proceeded in the task as far as “Sacred to the Memory of Mabel,” when it is suddenly determined to keep the matter a secret, and to present to the father another young lady named Mabel as his living daughter. The imagination of the playgoer is always willing to concede a good deal, if the situation is conceivable, and adequate motives are furnished for the passions brought into play. If, for example, the object had here been, not the maintenance of Mr. Fleetwood's peace of mind, but some stupendous fraud, interest might possibly have been awakened in those elaborate efforts of the conspirators to escape detection which fill so many scenes in Mr. Hay's drama. Then the spying and persecution of the drunken stonemason, and the watchful efforts of a disreputable friend of his, who has also discovered the secret, to secure for himself a share of the hush-money, might have excited the spectators. But for all this, and much more mean duplicity and torture, to be encountered for the mere sake of saving a gentleman from the shock of knowing that his daughter is dead—a shock which every one feels to be still inevitably in store for him, and which, as a fact, he hears when the blow does fall with exemplary fortitude, is really too much. Under these conditions the sham Mabel's love affairs, which furnish the tender element in the play, fail to enlist sympathy. The young lady who could submit to a cross-examination at the hands of her supposed father, and who could fence with his questions with so much dexterity and such inexhaustible fertility of falsehood, is of necessity disqualified for the position of a romantic heroine, and when she is at length to be united to the man of her choice, after being, as she expresses it, “the affianced bride of another,” we are involuntarily reminded of the warning of Brabantio:—

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

There was certainly no lack of power in the performers to interpret a better play. Mr. Anson's stonemason, as malignant and energetic as Quilp or Quasimodo, as slow and laconic as Caliban, though dirty and repulsive beyond anything required by the laws of the picturesque, might, no doubt, excite the romantic sort of interest which attaches to the grotesque and terrible if he had been a factor in a really interesting story. As it is, he was, to use Mr. Hollingshead's “plain English,” somewhat of a bore. That energetic actress, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, again is necessarily ineffective in



representing so feebly helpless and inconsequent a personage as Mrs. Fleetwood; while her (Christian) namesake, Miss Addison—an actress capable, as most playgoers will remember, of giving us the delightful bits of character-acting—appeals in vain for sympathy for the hopes and fears, the trials and joys of the supposititious Mabel. This waste of power is even more conspicuous in the case of Mr. W. H. Vernon, to whom is allotted the superfluous and really ridiculous part of the ruffian friend and accomplice of the stone-mason. Other parts are sustained with perhaps as much effect as those of Mr. David Fisher, Mr. Arthur Dacre, and they are susceptible of by Mr. David Fisher, Mr. Arthur Dacre, and Miss Fanny Thorne. By way of introductory piece the management has revived Mr. Theyre Smith's clever comedietta called *Which is Which?* It is acted with excellent taste and judgment by Mr. Dacre, Miss Thorne, Miss Julia Roselle, and others.

Madame Modjeska's appearance at the Court Theatre in the part of Mary Stuart in Mr. Lewis Wingfield's version of Schiller's play has not evoked the almost unanimous approbation which attended the same actress's performance of the part of the heroine in Mr. Mortimer's version of *La Dame aux Camelias*. The embarrassments of a foreign accent seem to have been more constantly felt by the actress in delivering blank verse, and certainly her audiences have been more sensible of this cruel impediment in listening to lines which, though they can make no pretence to particularly melodious rhythm, of course demand that not only the common accent of our daily speech, but the accent—often merely arbitrary—of the feet of the verse should be sufficiently marked. In all this a foreigner who has not spoken our language pretty constantly from infancy is almost of necessity wanting, though some persons may remember with what marvellous accuracy of intonation Madame Ristori, on one remarkable occasion, had by study and practice prepared herself to speak the few lines from the sleep-walking scene from *Lady Macbeth*. After allowance for this inevitable drawback, however, the power of Madame Modjeska's latest effort has been recognised by the more judicious and better informed of our dramatic critics. It has been discovered that delicacy and prettiness, which were almost the only qualities that could find place in the case of her former impersonation, are very far from marking the range of her talents. Her indignant remonstrance with Burleigh, her furious invective in the scene with Elizabeth, of which Madame Ristori made so great a point, produce scarcely less powerful an effect upon the audiences than the performance of her illustrious predecessor in the same scenes; while the graceful aspect of the actress, and her striking command of tender and pathetic tones, give to the closing scenes of the play an effect which could scarcely have been surpassed by any representative of the character in the past. Miss Louise Moodie plays the part of Elizabeth with a sombre self-concentration that contrasts well with her occasional spirited outbursts. The other characters are somewhat overpowered by the prominence and importance of the Royal rivals; but Mr. Clayton acts with sustained force in the odious part of Leicester; other characters are creditably enacted by Mr. Clifford Cooper and Mr. Edward Price.

The writer of the Monday article on the Theatres in the *Daily News* states that there is no foundation for the recent announcement that Mr. Alexander Henderson of the GLOBE Theatre, has purchased a site in Pantion Street, Haymarket, for the erection of a new theatre. Mr. Henderson, we are informed, has purchased no site, and is not about to build any theatre.—At the HAYMARKET the ever popular *Widow Hunt* is preceded by a drama, in one act, entitled *Salt Tears*, by a new author. The little piece is very well received.—Mr. Boucicault appeared on Thursday at the ADELPHI in his new romantic drama, originally to be called *The O'Dowd*, but now renamed *Life in Galway*. The performance was unfortunately too late for notice this week.—The production of *William and Susan* at the ST. JAMES'S has encouraged (perhaps we ought to say has rendered it incumbent upon) Mr. Burnand to rewrite his celebrated burlesque on Jerrold's play. Out of respect to Mr. Wills, the trial scene will, we are afraid, be left intact. The burlesque with new shape and with a new title is to be revived at the ROYALTY Theatre, where it was originally produced some years ago.—*Romeo and Juliet* has been revived this week at the NEW SADLER'S WELLS Theatre, with Mr. Charles Warner as Romeo and Miss Isabel Bateman as Juliet.

**JUVENILE SMOKERS.**—The increasing habit of smoking amongst the precocious youths of the present generation (which all must have observed), and the best means to counteract it, has been made the subject of a special conference of Sunday school and day school teachers, Band of Hope conductors, and others interested in the welfare of the young, which was held the other day at Manchester. Dr. Emrys Jones, an eminent oculist, who presided, laid special stress on the injurious effects of the use of tobacco upon the sight, which he said sometimes resulted in absolute blindness, and the other speakers brought a heavy indictment against the practice, citing the opinions of physicians that it was injurious to health and longevity, and quoting statistics to show that excessive smoking and excessive drinking usually go together, and that the habit of using tobacco is frequently the first step in the downward career of lads who become vicious and criminal. The practice was also condemned as the gratification of an artificial appetite which grows by what it feeds on, an unmanly leaning on a solace to care and labour neither sought nor needed by women, enabling the smoker to be idle without growing weary of idleness, tending to take the ambition out of him, and to make him happy when he should be miserable, and content when his divinely duty is discontent. The inconvenience, discomfort, and nausea caused to non-smokers, and the serious fires and explosions of which the habit has often been the cause were also strongly urged as objections against it; and an earnest appeal was made to parents, clergymen, school-teachers, and all who have influence with British boys, to warn them against the "barbarous habit," both by precept and example, and to endeavour to induce them to sign the pledge against tobacco as well as against alcohol and other narcotics. The Bishop of Liverpool, too, speaking at a temperance meeting in that city on Tuesday called attention to the large amount of money spent in smoking and drinking, remarking that they were first cousins; and that, although smoking could not be placed on the same level with drunkenness, the one frequently led to the other. The evil is one which certainly requires to be checked. It has grown apace of late years, it being now rather the rule than the exception to see lads of tender years strutting about the streets puffing away with great gusto at "sensation penny smokes," or short pipes filled with some cheap and abominable substitute for tobacco, which must be even more deleterious than the genuine weed itself. The habit among the adult population of the country is perhaps too firmly rooted to be easily laid aside, even though its devotees should be convinced of its baneful effects. But amongst the young it is usually the result of a mistaken desire to be thought manly rather than from any real enjoyment which it affords to them. We are no advocates of grandmotherly Government; but we should not be sorry to see adopted in this country the law by which, in many continental cities, the police are empowered to stop any lad under a certain age whom they may see smoking in the streets, and insist upon his putting out his pipe or cigar.

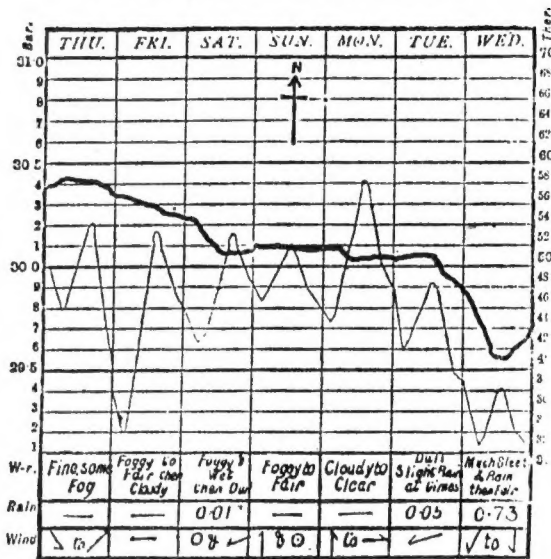
THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM will remain open until 7 P.M. after Monday next. Four electric lamps of a new construction have been introduced, while a newspaper room has been opened in the Geological Gallery—now bare of its former contents—and a refreshment-room has been added.

AN EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS is now on view at the Dudley Gallery—a fact which is not a little significant of the growth of Art in this country. The exhibition is due to the enterprise and liberality of Mr. Raphael Tuck, of the City Road, who lately offered a considerable sum in prizes for the best designs. The result is a collection of over nine hundred works, which, though in themselves meritorious examples of the painter's art, are on the whole disappointing. The very term "Christmas Card" opens up a field for fanciful and symbolical design; but very few competitors have striven in this direction, and even they cannot be said to have produced anything very original. We may be hypercritical; but we should have been glad to see something more than mere studies, however highly finished, of landscape, figure, and flowers, with a seasonable, but in most cases incongruous motto attached. With few exceptions the designs strike us as being very like those we have been accustomed to see for the last year or two. There is, however, one set of four small pictures of "The Seasons" which deserves special mention. All of them are pretty and artistic; but the "Autumn" is a very gem, of refined treatment and poetic feeling, and we venture to predict for it a "run" if it is reproduced. The conditions of the competition forbid the publication of names until after the distribution of prizes, which has not yet taken place; so we cannot designate the artist. Mr. Tuck deserves much praise for taking a step in the right direction, and his novel idea must stimulate every branch of what is now an important industry.

THE varied and beautiful scenery of the upper reaches of the Thames has furnished Mr. David Law, a water-colour painter of great ability, with subjects for a series of sixty drawings. These are now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, 133, New Bond Street, and form a most agreeable exhibition. Besides being strikingly true in local character, they have a distinct value as works of art; they are for the most part rich and harmonious in tones, and well-balanced in light and shade, and though painted with great breadth and freedom, they lack nothing in the way of completeness and finish. The two views of the town of "Abingdon," one glowing in the light of the midday sun, and the other under the influence of a stormy sky by moonlight, are perhaps the best examples of the artist's power; but there are several others not greatly inferior to them, including two large views of "Henley" and small drawings of "The Church Pool, Wargrave," "The Swan Inn, Pangbourne," and "Medmenham Abbey." It is announced that the painter intends to reproduce ten of the most important subjects in the form of etchings.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 14 TO OCTOBER 20 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of this period the area of high pressure which had lain over the greater part of our island last week showed signs of breaking up, and although no definite depression appeared in our neighbourhood for some days the weather became generally cloudy, with a good deal of fog. On Monday (18th inst.) the weather cleared considerably, and the after part of the day was very fine indeed, with a light breeze from the westward, and temperature up to 58° in the shade. On Tuesday (19th inst.), however, dull, cold weather again set in, and some slight rain fell at times, while at evening the approach of a depression from the mouth of the Channel caused the barometer to fall quickly, and the rain to set in with more persistence. At the same time a decided fall in temperature took place, so that on Wednesday morning (20th inst.) it was found that the rain had turned to snow, the minimum registered at eight A.M. being only 33°. The depression over the Channel advanced in an easterly direction in the course of the day, and by the evening was found over the Netherlands. Under these circumstances the weather improved considerably towards evening, with a cold, bright air, but at the same time conditions did not appear settled. The barometer was highest (30.41 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); lowest (29.56 inches) on Wednesday (20th inst.); range, 0.85 inches. Temperature was highest (58°) on Monday (18th inst.); lowest (33°) on Wednesday (20th inst.); range, 25°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.79 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.73 inches, on Wednesday (20th inst.).



The Lonely Island. James Nisbet.  
Aunt Judy's Annual. George Bell and Sons.  
Strictly Tied Up (3 vols.). Hurst and Blackett.  
The Floral Alphabet, &c. Harrison.  
The Angel Messiah of Buddhists, Essenes, and Christians; The Crookit Meg; John Skelton; The Early History of Charles James Fox; G. O. Trevelyan.  
Longmans and Co.  
William Wilberforce; John Stoughton, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.  
Holland: E. de Amicis, Trans. by C. Tilton. W. H. Allen and Co.  
The Quiver, Vol. XV.; Jane Austen and her Works; Sarah Tytler; Countries of the World; Robert Brown, M.A. Cassell.  
New Guinea (2 vols.). L. M. D'Alberis; Jack and Gill; Louisa M. Alcott; Greece and the Greeks; Hon. Thos. Talbot; The Naval Brigade in South Africa, 1877-8-9; H. F. Norbury, C.B., R.N.; Austria-Hungary; David Kay; A Plot of the Present Day (3 vols.); Kate Hope; Black Abbey (3 vols.); M. Crommelin. S. Low and Co.  
The Clerk of Portwick (3 vols.); G. M. Fenn. Chapman and Hall.  
Quite True (3 vols.); Dora Russell. J. and R. Maxwell.  
Japan (2 vols.); Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B.; Unbeaten Tracks in Japan (2 vols.); Isabella L. Birt. Murray.  
Tasmanian Friends and Foes; L. A. Meredith. Marcus Ward.  
Dalziel's Bible Gallery. Dalziel Bros.  
Words of Friendly Counsel about Turning to God; Rev. G. Everard, M.A.; Myna's Toy Book; Pictures from the German Fatherland; Rev. S. G. Green. Religious Tract Society.  
Goethe's Faust, in English Verse (2nd Edition); J. S. Blackie; The Head of Medusa (3 vols.); George Fleming. Macmillan and Co.  
Mehalah (2 vols.). Smith and Elder.  
An Actor Abroad; Edmund Leathes. Hurst and Blackett.  
Stubble Farm (2 vols.); Author of "Ernest Struggles"; Honor (3 vols.); Miss E. M. Alford. Tinsley Bros.



SHRIMPS have succeeded pigs in Parisian favour for charms and ornaments.

A LARGE WHALE, forty-five feet long, has been stranded at Lambeth in Stronsay in the Orkneys.

BEER AND BRANDY are going out of favour with Anglo-Indians, and whisky is the favourite "peg" now in British India.

THE WHITBY JET TRADE, which has been long depressed, is now greatly reviving, and a large quantity of jet is being exported to France, Germany, and America.

WOODCOCKS have appeared very early this year, three having been flushed at Rhayader, in Radnorshire, last Saturday, while several were seen in the same locality a fortnight earlier.

MR. BANCROFT, the American historian, kept his eightieth birthday this month with great rejoicings, and amongst the many presents received was the curious gift of a huge "candle of life" branching into eighty lights, one for each year of his existence.

TIPSY SHRIMPS form a most dainty and highly esteemed dish in China. The creatures are put in a covered vial filled with wine, and when the top is taken off the shrimps begin to jump out wildly, giving the eaters ample opportunity for showing their dexterity with chopsticks, by catching the tempting morsels in the air. Talking of Chinese dainties, by the way, black cats are considered the best eating, and a pair of black cat's eyes in sauce commands a high price.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BRITISH COINS was recently found by a labourer's wife at Ashford, who when breaking up an old chest of drawers bought some twenty years ago for 6s., discovered a secret compartment full of gold pieces. Thinking they were only medals, she allowed the children to play with them, and sold a number for 2s., while others were taken to a shop. Here a chance visitor recognised them as genuine coin, and the woman succeeded in getting back some thirty guineas and thirteen half guineas of the time of William III. and George II.

A EUROPEAN EDITION of *Harper's Magazine* is to be published Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. This periodical, whose name is a household word in America, where it circulates 140,000 copies, has introduced to the Americans many of the leading novels of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, and other English writers. The use of such copyright material has hitherto prevented the sale of the magazine here, but future arrangements will obviate this difficulty by covering the right of serial publication both in England and America. Thus Mr. Thomas Hardy is engaged upon a new novel, to be illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier, of *Punch*, which will appear exclusively in *Harper's*. The illustrations are a chief feature of this monthly, which will be issued here at a shilling, much less than the American price.

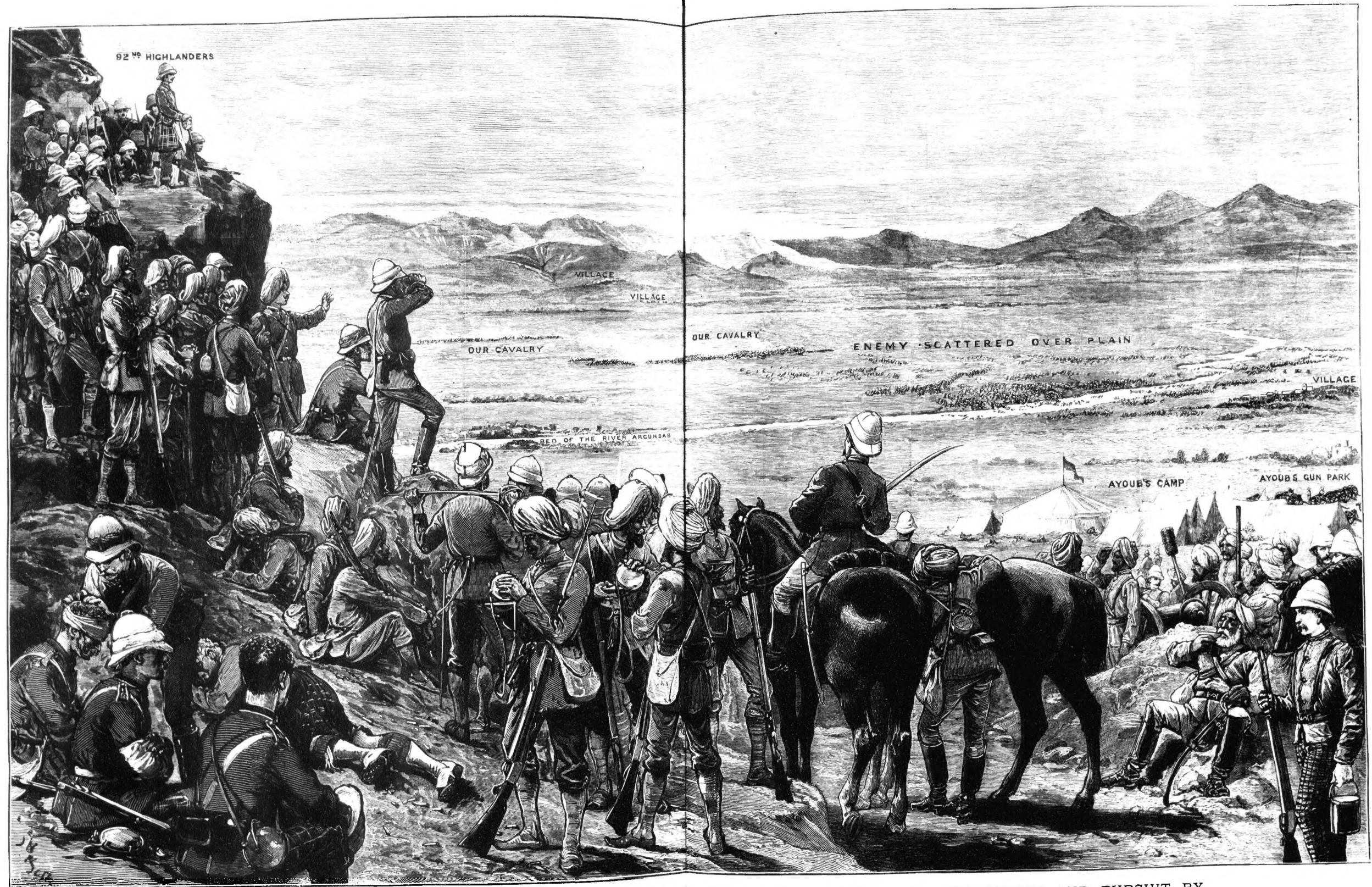
LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,405 deaths were registered against 1,398 during the previous week, an increase of 7, being 19 below the average, and at the rate of 20.0 per 1,000. There were 6 deaths from small pox, 20 from measles (an increase of 4), 70 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 7), 17 from whooping-cough (a decline of 2), 27 from different forms of fever (an increase of 2), 66 from diarrhoea, and 273 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 7, and being 31 above the average), of which 164 were referred to bronchitis and 68 to pneumonia. There were 2,606 births registered against 2,261 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 128. The mean temperature of the air was 48.0 deg., and 3.6 deg. below the average.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—A private letter from a lady resident in the County Limerick contains the following passage:—"The Reign of Terror here is complete. Magistrates are positively afraid to punish drunkenness, or any misdemeanour, for fear of their hay and haggards being set on fire; so lawless is the spirit evoked every Sunday by the mob orators. Gentlemen travel on their carriages to races with loaded revolvers to protect themselves. In the very railway carriages ladies are terrified by the threatening language used by the low demagogues who sit beside them for the purpose of insult. I remember Smith O'Brien's rebellion and Fenianism, but never did it approach to the state of terror now felt by poor and rich, for now 'the evil spirits are in high places,' and well do the tyrant demagogues know that neither Government or jury will afford any redress."

CHINESE WOMEN'S FEET.—A correspondent informs us that the following is the authentic Chinese tradition concerning the origin of this custom. He says: "Near Choofowhyen I visited the tomb of an ancient king called 'Chew Kung.' The old ruins of his capital are still to be seen. He lived B.C. 1197. He was a great tyrant, and had a wife, called Ta Kya, who was a greater despot than her husband. She was very beautiful, but had clubbed feet, and to disguise this disfigurement she bound them up in small shoes, with fillets of ribbon round them. The ladies of her Court followed this fashion, which is the origin of cramping the women's feet throughout China to this day. His Minister, Venvang, was much respected; he died, and his second son Vuvang overthrew the tyrant Chew Kung, and slew the Empress Takya. This tomb is a simple mound of earth, with a temple in honour of his memory near."

MR. LEIGH SMITH'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION in the steam-yacht *Eira* is to be repeated next year, as Mr. Smith is anxious to follow up the discoveries made in his late trip. This season appears to have been peculiarly unfavourable; for the *Eira*, which left Peterhead on June 26, with a crew of twenty-five men, found ice unusually far south, Jan Mayen being almost completely closed in an icy circle. Mr. Smith wished to follow the line of the German Expedition in 1870 on the Greenland coast, land a hundred miles north having been seen from their furthest point, Cape Bismarck; and, notwithstanding bad foggy weather and the difficulties of the ice, he pushed northwards until, on August 10, he attained lat. 79° 40' and long. 45° 56', the furthest point yet reached in this direction. From here nothing but huge ice-floes could be seen. Forced away by a gale, he next sighted Franz Josef Land, and, drifting with the ice, came upon a number of islands, to the south of which the last Dutch Expedition had found land, which they called Barent's Hook. A capital harbour was found amongst the islands, christened Eira Harbour; and from hence Mr. Smith made numerous excursions, tracing the land from Barent's Hook to 110 miles westward; while from the extreme north-west point of his researches, 80° 20' N. and 40° E., land was seen forty miles further on, divided from the islands by a sound supposed to be an extension of Markham Sound. In this tract of sea were seven islands composed of glaciers, snow-fields, and black headlands, with considerable vegetation. Drifting ice stopped all further efforts, and the vessel turned south, stopping off Cape Tegethoff to look for traces of the Austrian vessel abandoned in 1873. Nothing was seen, however, and after vain attempts to get across by Spitzbergen to Wiche or King Charles Land, and to work up the east coast of Spitzbergen, the Expedition turned homewards, and reached Haamerfest on September 25th. Numerous bears and walrus were shot during the voyage, and white foxes were seen, but no reindeer. Two bears and a snowbird were brought home, and have been sent to the Zoological Gardens, the bird being the survivor of seven.





AFGHANISTAN—GENERAL ROBERTS' VICTORY OVER AYOUB KHAN, SEPT. 1: FLIGHT OF THE ENEMY AND PURSUIT BY BRITISH CAVALRY AS SEEN FROM BABA WALI



FOREIGN

The split in the Bonapartist camp shows no signs of healing, and at a tumultuous meeting on Sunday it was decided to ask Prince Napoleon to resign his pretensions in favour of his son Victor. The Prince did not wait for the deputation, but at once wrote off a letter declining to receive the delegates, stating, "I know what you want to tell me, and you know what reply I shall make. It is therefore useless for me to receive you." The Prince's second son, Sub-Lieutenant Roland Bonaparte, is about to marry Mdlle. Blanc, the daughter of the late Lessee of the Monaco gaming tables, who died worth a couple of millions sterling. Like the Bonapartists, the Radicals have also come to the front this week. M. Felix Pyat has been tried and condemned to two years' imprisonment and 40*l.* fine for his article in the *Commune* proposing to present a pistol of honour to Berezowski, the would-be assassin of the Czar in 1867. A violent meeting was held at Belleville previous to the trial to protest against the tyranny of the Government, at which orators talked treason to their hearts' content, glorified the act of regicide, and vociferously cheered a red flag. After the trial there

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—Colonel Carrington, who for some time has been besieged by a large number of Basutos at Mafeteng, and whose garrison was at last reduced to eat horseflesh, attacked and defeated the enemy on the 15th inst. On the 20th also Colonel Clarke, with the Colonial Forces, relieved Mafeteng, after heavy fighting. Twenty-six of our men were killed and ten wounded. The Basutos are said to have lost 300 men. The situation, however, is still very serious, and considerable apprehension is felt in the colony.

## THE COURT

THE Royal party in the Highlands is beginning to disperse. The Queen will return south in about a fortnight, and in the mean while the Prince and Princess of Wales have quitted Abergeldie, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his children have left Balmoral. Before the Queen's guests left, however, they accompanied Her Majesty in several further excursions, driving to the Linn of Muich, the Altanaer Shiel, and Glen Gelder Shiel. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen and

CHURCH NEWS

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE was the main topic dealt with by the Bishop of Lincoln in opening the Diocesan Conference last week. He argued strongly against the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and declared his conviction that England, unless her clergy and laity awoke to their duty in reference to the question, would before long take her place in degradation by the side of America, and other countries where



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the proportion of divorce cases was so high. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was the key, he said, to the whole position, and if that was lost they surrendered the whole fort, and their marriage-law would fall into the hands of the enemy.

THE REV. STOFFORD H. BROOKE on Sunday last preached his first sermon at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury since his announcement of secession from the Church of England. Several alterations and of secession were made in the service, and the reasons for these were set forth in a printed circular, copies of which were distributed among the congregation. Mr. Brooke said that he had left the Church of England, and the chapel had entered on a new life. He was bound not to make such a change unless he clearly knew, and was bound with all the clearness he could muster why he had changed his place, in order that his congregation should know whether he had ceased to believe in the miracle of the incarnation upon which the English Church rested its whole scheme of doctrine. Another reason was that he had come to disapprove of the existence of the Church as an ecclesiastical body, especially of its connection with the State. He could neither stay in the Church as connected with the State. He had made no sacrifice; he had followed with joy and gladness his own convictions; and he looked forward with joy and devotion to preaching the great truths that declared the definite relation of God to man. He should speak of God abiding in nature and in man, of God imminent in history and filling and impelling day by day the race of man, of the revelation He was giving of Himself to man, and of the inspiration He poured into us all, of God as revealed in the best way by Jesus Christ, of the true life of man which He had disclosed in His life, of the power, and love by which God through Him kindled and supported that life of man, of God incarnate in all men in the same manner though not in the same degree as in Christ, of the vast spiritual communion in which all men were contained, of the hopes of immortality in which they now lived, and the fulfilment of which was the destiny, of the personal life of God in the soul, and of His universality, and of the thousand effects which in human history and life followed in practice from the vivid acceptance of these mighty truths. In the evening the sermon was a vindication of the changes he had made in the Liturgy. The preacher wore a black gown in the morning, and in the evening a surplice. While the congregation were leaving, after the evening service, some heavy pieces of plaster fell from the ceiling and filled the building with dust. Had they fallen a few minutes earlier, it is likely that some persons would have been injured, and in all probability a panic would have been created.



LEEDS FESTIVAL.—A few general remarks about the Third Triennial Musical Festival held in Leeds will answer all purposes. Into particulars our daily contemporaries have entered so largely as to solve us from any task of the kind. That the success of the meeting has not only equalled but surpassed expectation is shown in the published official *resumé*, signed "F. R. Spark, Hon. Sec.," which gives the numbers of tickets sold in 1874, at 10,056; in 1877, at 11,754; and in 1880, at 13,057. The Duke of Edinburgh, it is true, attended two of the performances, and thus heard the novelties of most importance, and Madame Albani, an immense favourite at Leeds, sang three days out of the four, while the other leading vocalists (named last week) were chosen from among the best of the best. But this was by no means all. The new English compositions pleased without exception. Mr. J. Francis Barnett's *Building of the Ship*—a ship as skillfully constructed as that dreamt of by the poet Longfellow, whose simple flowing verse supplied the text—was received, as it deserved to be, with the utmost cordiality. The performance, directed by the composer himself, was all that could be wished. Mr. Barnett was lucky, too, in such a quartet of leading exponents as Miss Anna Williams, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Henschel. The English overtures—Mr. W. C. Macfarren's *Ilers and Leander*, and Mr. Wingham's *Mrs Anna Vite* (conducted by their respective authors)—each enjoyed the advantage of a fine performance, and each obtained a hearty verdict of approval from the audience. One of the great days of the Festival was the second, when the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was given in a manner (the choral part especially) which has rarely been equalled, still more rarely surpassed. Here, as in *Elijah*, the Leeds singers put forth all their strength, and the result was something not easy to forget. The eight-part choral Psalm (114th) of Mendelssohn was another remarkable feature in the programme, which ended with Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*. Of this charming composition the Leeds people have reason to be proud, remembering, as so many of them do, that it was written for their first Festival, and the opening of their Town Hall, two-and-twenty years ago. Some amateurs were of opinion—perhaps not without a show of reason—that the cantata should have been placed before, instead of after the symphony. Nevertheless, it is agreeable to state that our great English musician's work lost nothing by its almost immediate juxtaposition with the colossal masterpiece of the "giant of the orchestra." On the contrary, it produced a soothing effect, and was heard with unabated delight throughout. The performance—thanks in a great measure to the care bestowed upon it by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who at one period studied under Bennett at our Royal Academy of Music—was beyond criticism, and unstinted praise is due to the three leading singers, Mrs. Osgood (our accomplished American resident), Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. King, as well as to the orchestra and chorus. That the event of the greatest immediate interest was the production of *The Martyr of Antioch*, written expressly for this Festival by Mr. Sullivan, its chosen conductor, may be readily imagined. That Mr. Sullivan has not disappointed expectation in this the latest production of his pen is the general and we think well founded conviction. Leeds is more than satisfied with so sterling an addition to the repertory of its Triennial Festival. Many doubtless would have preferred an oratorio, if only in emulation of Birmingham, which first introduced *The Light of the World*; but as this, in the circumstances, was out of the question, they have good cause to rejoice in so worthy a substitute as the *Martyr of Antioch*, which contains some of the best and most deeply felt music Mr. Sullivan has written—and that is saying no little. Here, for the present, regarding the "sacred drama" itself, we must desist, reserving a detailed appreciation of its claims for the occasion of its re-production (already announced) at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Sullivan had every reason to be content with the execution of his new work. Every member of the chorus, every member of the orchestra, and each one of the principal solo-vocalists threw heart and soul into the task set before them, and a more unequivocal success could not have been obtained—a success the more to be rejoiced in because it was not only achieved by an English musician, but because it was thoroughly well merited. Madame Albani did for Mr. Sullivan what she had done three years previously for Mr. Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph*. She sang the music assigned to Margarita (the "martyr") in absolute perfection, voice, delivery, and expression being alike irreproachable, the concluding scene of the martyrdom being a fitting climax to the whole.

Madame Patey, our admirable contralto, also at her very best, was compelled to repeat her first air, to interpret which more eloquently would have been scarcely possible. Mr. Lloyd, too, who has never sung better than at this Festival, made a sensible impression in the music of the faint-hearted Pagan lover, Olybius, and was also encoined in his first air, "Come, Margarita, come." Mr. King, though furnished with less opportunity of distinction than his comrades, did the most that could be done with what was committed to his charge; and thus the quartet of leading singers fulfilled all requirements. At the termination Mr. Sullivan was applauded with real enthusiasm, and called back to the platform to receive another demonstrative proof of the unanimous satisfaction his new work had created. It was a proud day for him and a proud day for musical Leeds. Among other interesting features in the week's programme were Beethoven's First Mass, Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Mozart's superb G minor Symphony, Handel's oratorio *Samson*, Bach's cantata, "O Light everlasting," the finale to Mendelssohn's unfinished *Loreley* (with Miss A. Williams as the fate-struck heroine), Raff's Symphony ("tone-poem," so styled) *Lenore*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the first and second parts of the *Creation*—Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Herr Henschel in the first, Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. King in the second, winning golden opinions. Too much praise can hardly be awarded to Mr. Broughton, the local chorus-master, who by his diligent training of the singers brought the chorus to Mr. Sullivan, the conductor, already well-nigh perfect in the work they had to do.



MISTY OCTOBER would for 1880 be a better title than that of "chill," though a painter of scenery in Perthshire may reasonably be expected to find a touch of winter in the air. Over our great cities have hung some dense fogs of late, and even in country and seaside places the atmosphere has been unusually thick. And yet the month, before the snowstorm of the 20th, has been better than many Octobers within a very moderate remembrance. The floods at the beginning of the month did some damage in the South-Eastern district, but on the whole the rainfall has been the reverse of excessive, and the air at midday genial, and on some days even balmy.

POULTRY.—An American farming contemporary calls attention to the neglect of poultry by English farmers, and points out that whether an exclusive devotion to poultry rearing be profitable or no, farmers can certainly keep a considerable number of fowls at scarcely any cost. The writer thinks that their health is best consulted by distributing them thinly over the farm lands, and he quotes an example in Cumberland, where, on a farm of 1,200 acres, about the same number of fowls are very profitably and cheaply kept. Certainly a fowl to the acre does not seem a very heavy matter of breeding, yet there probably are nothing like eighty million fowls kept in England. The fowl omnibus, to be stationed in different fields, and wheeled from one to the other seems an excellent idea, and the fowls find their way to it at night with remarkable sagacity.

IRISH DISCONTENT has become a chronic matter of discussion and regret. Its outbreaks seem to have no certain periods of recurrence, and surely there could hardly be a more wanton agitation than the present, which goes on as vigorously as though the country had not been during these last three months blessed with some of the most satisfactory harvests ever known. Over an average field of oats, full crops of hay, wheat, barley, and pulse, and a great fecundity of potatoes ought to make Ireland peaceful and happy, if anything can quiet the Celtic peasant. We all can remember when religious questions were supposed to be the cause of Irish ferment, but priest and minister are now at rest, and yet the state of things is as bad as ever.

THE BREAD REFORM LEAGUE.—This association held a very successful meeting at Kensington on Saturday last, when the question of brown *versus* white bread was very ably dealt with. The obstinate preference of the poor for the less nutritious and more expensive white loaf was shown to aid in causing the bad teeth, stunted bodies, rickety bones, and even drink-craving so common among the proletariat. It was proved that from real wheat-meal bread the amount of force obtained for 4½d. was equal to that obtained from 3s. 6½d. worth of lean beef, or 7s. 6d. worth of pure ale. The fact that the outer husk of wheat contained in brown bread is irritating to the throat and stomach was fully recognised, but it was claimed that by decortication and other means this could be entirely removed. The Bread Reform League is largely supported by woman's rights advocates and by extreme social reformers, but although open to suspicion on this account, we believe it to be a very common-sense and useful institution calculated to prevent much waste of nutritive matter in bread-making.

CATS.—A correspondent of the *Standard* narrates an interesting incident of a cat that learnt to retrieve small birds as well as a dog, and which has a setter for its usual companion. That many creatures besides the dog can be taught to retrieve is well known to naturalists, but the cat's retrieving may not be due to that love of praise which induces cats to bring into their owners' presence rats, mice, and other vermin which they have secured. We have known several cats do this, without having received any training or even encouragement so to do.

INSTINCTIVE EMULATION among animals is a great curiosity, and it is to be noted that at the recent Newmarket Second October Meeting, a horse named Valentino, ridden without whip or spur, won the Heath Stakes. Horses will frequently make of their own accord great efforts to prevent other horses passing them on the public roads, and we have heard of horses being manifestly dejected and morose over their defeat by rival steeds.

FISHING.—At the Berlin Fishery Exhibition was shown a curious instrument whereby rod and line fishing could be carried on while the angler was engaged otherwise than in watching the line and holding the rod. The slightest bite of a fish is sufficient to affect the fixings of the machine in which the rod is set, whereupon, by electricity, the line, hook, and fish are jerked up, and a small bell warns the angler that the fish is caught. Truly there is a dilettantism and laboured trifling among inventors worthy to rank with the greatest devotion of coin collectors to Queen Anne farthings or of entomologists to *Tineide* and beetles.

TITHES.—We are not among those who wish to abolish tithes, nor can we give space to purely local disputes, but it must plainly be said that if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners repeat many times such conduct as that of their recent distress sale at Mr. Wingfield's farm near Reading, they will be doing their best to create an agitation which may end in their finding themselves with no tithes to collect.

WEGHILL HOP FAIR was remarkable this year for a large number of pockets pitched. The sale lasted four days, and increased in animation as it went on. Opening at from five to eight guineas prices made a substantial advance before the close of the fair.

HARVEST HOMES are rather noted for the form of jollification which the Good Templars are constantly endeavouring to suppress. A Hampshire farmer informs us he has recently given a harvest

home supper "on temperance principles," and that it was a decided success. We are glad to hear it; the difficulty, as the *Saturday Review* very wisely remarked three autumns ago, is in the temperance drinks. A hot supper is required for geniality, and what can be drunk with it? Beer is warming, hot whiskey and water is convivial, but tea and coffee do not go well with hashes or hot joints and vegetables, while the bare thought of lemonade is sufficient to dispel all impressions of joviality.

BOATING.—The pleasure season just concluded has produced a sad list of boating accidents, and it is impossible not to remark how large a proportion are due to two causes; to carelessness on rivers at locks and near weirs; and to the use of sails on lakes and along the coast. Carelessness will never be cured, but people ought to wake up to the danger to a small boat which a large sail entails. Near inshore, whether on lake or sea, more sudden and serious squalls occur than under ordinary circumstances in more open waters.

SHEEP.—The Philadelphia National Show was a great success, and it is to be regretted that there were so few English visitors. Merinos were a splendid exhibition, but British varieties perhaps commanded the principal attention. Southdowns, Oxford, and Cotswolds were all a fine show, but only one pen of Lincolns was exhibited. We might suggest that the Southwick Hill sheep would thrive very well in rugged parts of certain States, and might be exported. Americans do not yet make all the use they might of the old country, while every English farmer who can afford it should see America. English agriculturists teach the Continent, but the Americans have something to teach us.

CATTLE are cheap this autumn, though retail meat prices remain high. The supplies of home grass-fed beasts has been good, while importations have been by no means insignificant. Good young cows are to be purchased for 15*l.*, sometimes for 14*l.*, while the patient breeder may secure fine yearlings for 9*l.*, and capital two-year-olds for 5*l.* more. Roots are plentiful, oilcake is not dear, and straw, if not cheap, has been far dearer in some recent years. Thus the purchase and winter keep of cattle ought to be made to pay a fair percentage on the breeder's outlay.

A NEW MALADY AMONG STOCK having proved troublesome during this past season, we give some useful remarks by Mr. Finlay Duns on the subject. It takes the form of swellings about the legs, particularly along the posterior aspects of the fore limbs. "The skin in spots appears red and blistered," abscesses occasionally form. Most of the cases have been met with in animals in low-lying meadows, near waters or woods. They appear to have depended on the irritating sting of a red fly. The treatment consists in the in-rubbing of a weak ammonia liniment to neutralise the poison, and fomentation to abate irritation and swelling.

SHORTHORN SALES for the season are nearly over, but two belated breeders in the North have just disposed of their herds, the first at Carlisle, where forty-seven animals realised 2,050*l.*, or an average of 4*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* a head, the other by Mr. Maccombies, Easter Skenes, eighteen beasts making 495*l.* The first sale, where Lord Bective presided, was a success, the other was rather disappointing.



THE TURF.—Probably no winner of any of our great weight-for-age races, or, indeed, of any race on our Turf for many a decade past, has been the subject of more conversation than Robert the Devil since his Cesarewitch and Champion victories; and, indeed, the more we look at these the more wonderful do his performances appear. It is with him in his recent form, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere;" and his name will be handed down in the traditions of the Turf as, if not the greatest, one of the greatest horses of the Victorian era. It has been stated that he will be on sale at Newmarket next week; but if he is, notwithstanding a heavy reserve price on him, it will be hard to conceive the state of mind which would prompt his owners even with the thought of getting rid of an animal which had recently done them such loyal and lucrative service. With the Newcastle meeting fallen through, racing in the North this week has been represented by the gatherings at Thirsk and Northallerton, and in the South at Croydon and Sandown, where, more or less, the illegitimate was combined with the legitimate business. Large fields ruled at Croydon, and the racing was as good in its way as the weather was miserable; but, after all, it has only been an off week after the Cesarewitch excitement and preceding the last tryst of the year at Newmarket, next week, when the Cambridgeshire as usual will be the *pièce de résistance* in the handicaps. On this scurry up the Criterion Hill there hardly seems to be as much speculation as usual, nor has the result of the Cesarewitch given as much impetus to it as it often does. On the strength of her running second to Robert the Devil in the Cesarewitch Cipolata was made first favourite, but her subsequent defeat by Muriel, and the report that she has again showed signs of cracked heels, have caused her to recede from 10 and 12 to 20 and more to 1. Retreat, who ran well for a considerable distance in the long race, is well supported, and shares the first favouritism with the Duke of Westminster's Evasion, who as a two-year-old was a regular hopper, but has since shown herself very uncertain. Exeter, a four-year-old with the heavy impost of 9*st.* 1*lb.*, has many supporters, who remember what he did with Rayon d'Or at Ascot, and his excellent running all the season. The Irish colt Ulster is thought by many good judges to be likely to show much improvement on his Cesarewitch running, and Lucetta, Dreamland, and many others are backed at longish prices; but the race seems to bear a very open appearance, as a good handicap should do.

COURSING.—The Ashdown Open Meeting, as usual, produced good sport, though it hardly maintained its former prestige. The Derby fell to Mr. Rixom's Reformation, and the Oaks was doubly secured by Mr. Wansbrough's Wilhelmina and Woodlark. The Uffington Cup was divided between Mr. Crosse's Patribourne and Mr. Wither's Wellington.

AQUATICS.—Mr. A. T. Soule, the President of the Hop Bitters Company, has arrived in this country to superintend the great sculling tournament on the Thames next month, for which his Company has so liberally provided the prizes. Some of our readers may feel interested in the names and nationalities of those who are likely to contend. They are as follows:—Edward Hanlan, Toronto; Edward Trickett, Sydney, N.S.W.; Elias C. Laycock, Sydney, N.S.W.; William Elliott, Blyth; John Higgins, Shadwell; Thomas Blackman, Putney; William Nicholson, Stockton-on-Tees; John Hawdon, Delaval; George Tarryer, Bermondsey; Henry Clasper, Wandsworth; John Anderson, Hammersmith; James Feeley, Barrow-in-Furness; John Lagan, Putney; Fred. A. Plaisted, New York; Lewis Gibson, Putney; Walter Messenger, Teddington; Wallace Ross, St. John's, N.B.; George H. Hosmer, Boston, Mass.; and J. H. Riley, Saratoga.—At Cambridge no less than eleven crews are practising for the University Fours, and at Oxford similar activity is visible.

FOOTBALL.—At Eton the "Boys," in whose team several of the Eton Cricket Eleven appeared, have had an easy victory over Mr. E. H. Parry's Eleven by five "rouges" to nothing; and Charterhouse School, on their own ground, have had no great difficulty in defeating a Clapham Rover Eleven.—On the Old Trent

(Continued on page 406)





COSTUMES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY



A MERCHANDISE WAGGON AND ESCORT OF THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE



WAR SHIP OF THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE

THE RE-OPENING OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL — NOTES FROM THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION

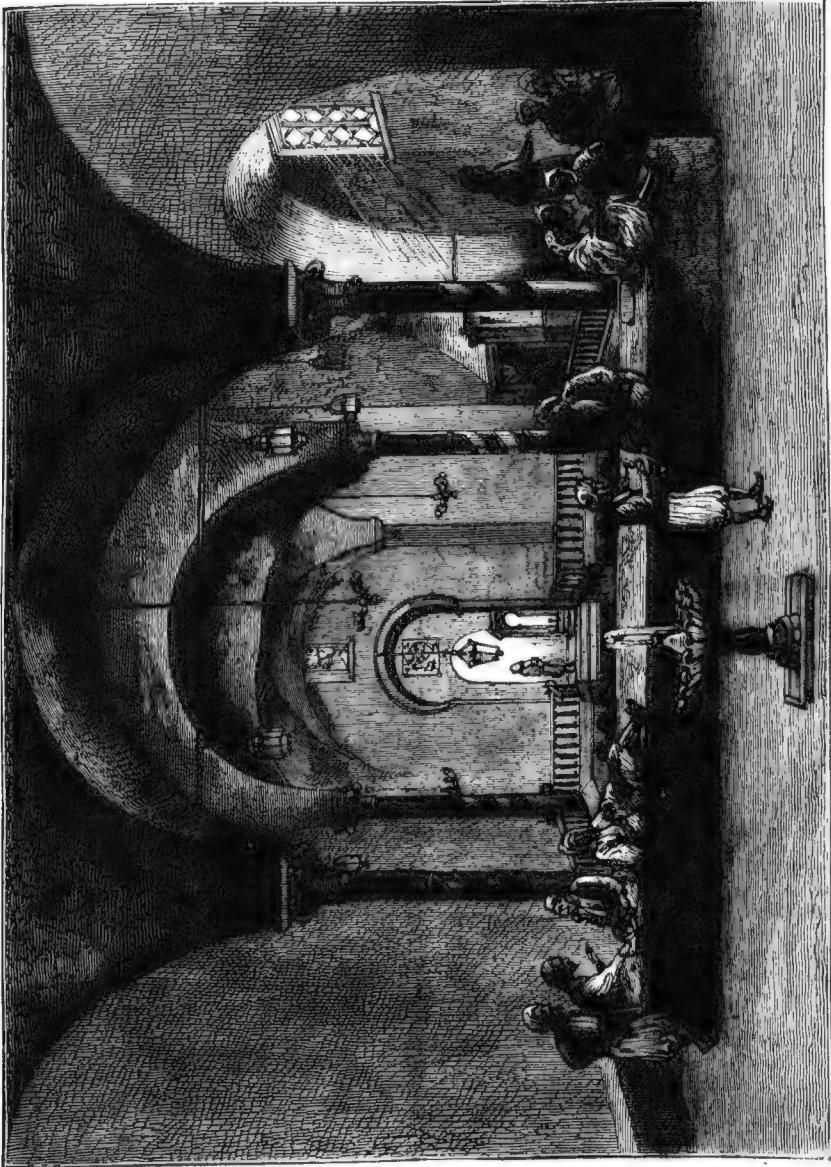




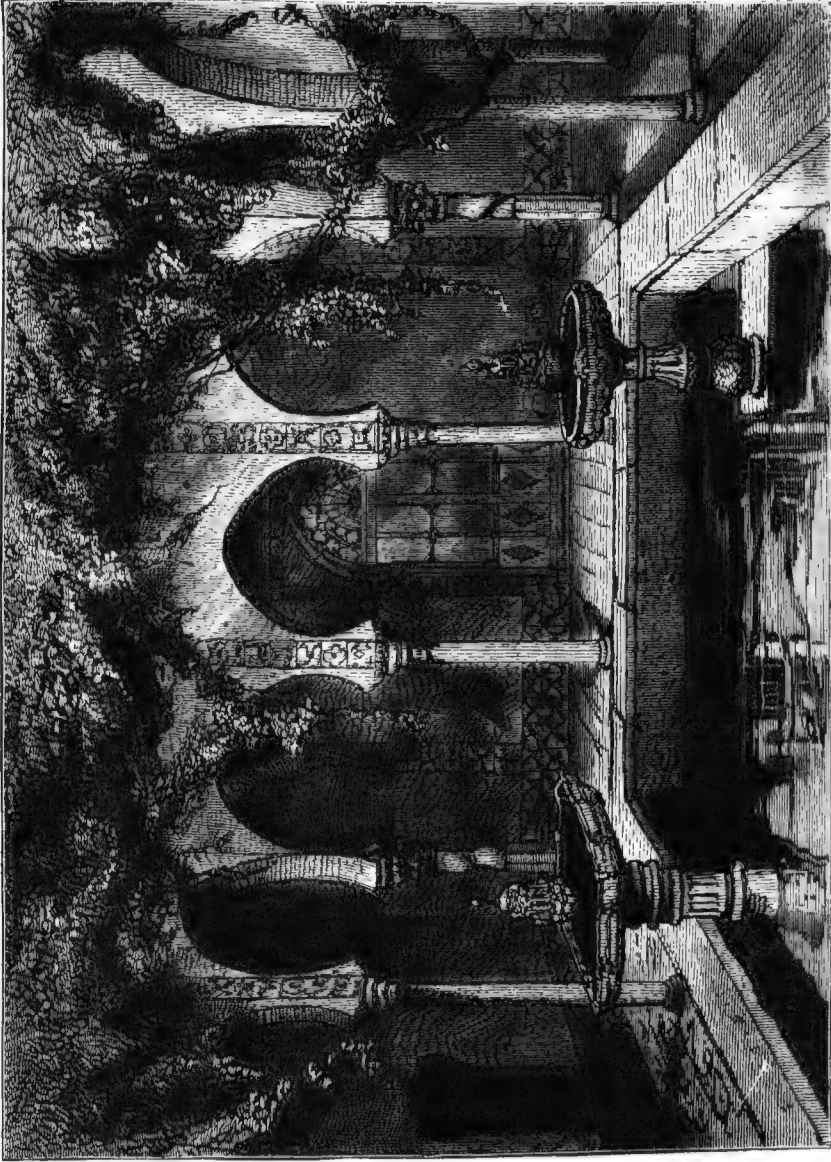
A BAZAAR AT ALGIERS IN THE OLDEN TIME



GATE OF THE CITADEL OF GAFSA IN THE DJERID OF TUNIS



TURKISH BATH AT TUNIS



A MOORISH COURT

AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS, II.



## CATCHING A FEROX

It is impossible to spend an evening at any of the numerous fishing inns scattered over the length and breadth of Scotland without hearing some reference made to a *ferox*. Either "this loch is celebrated for *ferox*," or, "Captain A. caught an eight-pound *ferox* yesterday," is sure to re-echo around him. If it be the stranger's first visit, he will doubtless wonder what a *ferox* is. A glance at the company (who are unmistakably anglers), or the least attention to their conversation for five minutes, will probably acquaint him with the fact that the *ferox* is some kind of fish. A friend, or reference to Yarrell, informs him further that its full designation is *Salmo ferox*, or the Great Lake Trout, taken in a few of the great lakes of Ireland, but in many of the larger Scotch lochs, and especially in Loch Awe. The order of the *Salmonidae*, though most of the species comprising it are tolerably familiar to anglers, is even yet little known to science. The many mysteries attending the migrations of the true salmon, for instance, show how much ichthyologists have yet to learn. Similarly, every fisherman is at issue with his fellows respecting *S. ferox*. Some, with Mr. Stoddart, declare it is not a distinct species at all; only an overgrown trout. Others affirm that it is a cross between the salmon and the bull-trout, or the salmon and the sea-trout, and the like. Certainly the points of difference between it and the common trout are infinitesimally small and highly artificial, if they are present at all. The uncertain history and origin of the *ferox* therefore cast a glamour over the fish, which is much heightened by the fact of its being taken only in certain lochs, while even in them it is always a shy and capricious feeder. Nor will it rise freely at the artificial fly. Occasionally we have known it to be taken by this lure on Loch Laggan, but as a rule it can only be captured by trolling. To add one more to its singularities, it is said to be a most voracious fish. We have taken little trout in Sutherlandshire deeply scored with its teeth, but which had eventually succeeded in escaping their cannibalish big brothers. Yet one esteemed writer on fishing avers that it is largely a vegetable feeder, eating the grass, weeds, &c., which grow on the margin of its favourite waters. And a large seven-pound *ferox* which we saw opened last year actually contained nothing! Its speedy digestive powers might have been envied by an epicure, for the loch from which it was taken swarmed with troutlings, and precluded the idea that it was starving. Being thus a bundle of paradoxes, and a great deal more often talked about than caught, no wonder the *ferox* becomes a keen object of ambition to every angler in Scotland.

Metaphorically speaking, it is far more dangerous to be bitten by *ferox* than by a pike, though we have seen the latter fish inflict a formidable wound upon an incautious handler. When a man is once possessed, however, with a keen desire to catch a *ferox*, he may bid farewell to home and sane friends for a time, and suffer all the usual subjects of his energies to lie uncared for till his return to civilisation and a sound mind. Catching a *ferox* is nothing short of angling lycanthropism. The demon of sport has transformed the spruce cit or active country gentleman into a creature thirsting for the blood of a *ferox*, and this must be obtained at all hazards, and despite any amount of trouble and expense. Nothing is so all-absorbing a passion, when it has once seized a man, as this longing to slay a *ferox*—no, not even falling in love.

He is at great pains to travel into a remote district, to undergo any discomforts of lodging, to prolong the dream of his winter nights through many a day and night of the golden Northern summer, and to pass, it may be weeks, in the stern-sheets of a small boat, while a gillie, or a pair of them, if he so wills, row him up and down, as he watches the points of two trolling rods, one on either side of him. One of these rods drags some forty yards behind the boat a small trout armed with a cunning series of hooks; the other tows on a line of similar length another seductive bait—a phantom minnow, which the luckless *ferox* on seizing finds is armed with a similar supply of flight-hooks. The enthusiast can dream, talk, smoke, if he chooses; but he must watch his rods. At any moment a *ferox* may seize the bait and realise his dreams, and the fish may be twenty-four pounds in weight quite as likely as three.

A superannuated Indian officer spends his time at present in trolling on the different Scotch lakes which contain *S. ferox*. He never caught a fish in his life, or thought of such a thing, until he was sixty. Then he was smitten with the desire of catching a *ferox*, and now his devotion to his self-imposed task is year by year the admiration of all Northern fishing circles. He has caught many up to twelve pounds, some rather over that weight; but the great object of his dreams is as yet unrealised. No fish of twenty pounds or upwards has yet been captured, none of those monsters said to lurk in the deepest recesses of Lochs Erich or Ness; but, alas! too seldom dragged to the light of day.

So from morn to dewy eve the gallant Major still trolls. Far away from his wild haunts where lochs lap upon cliffs inhabited only by the deer and eagle, we even now seem to hear the monotonous thud! thud! of his gillies' oars against the rowlocks, and to see the enthusiastic sportsman in the stern, the Caledonian representative of Hope, eagerly watching the tip of his rod. Happy man, happy life! to the pent-up city angler. To be living out of doors in the finest of air, ever receptive of breeze and sunshine and the varied influences of mountains and their streams, where carking care can seldom intrude in the shape of letters and telegrams, with an appetite at breakfast rivaling that of Christopher North, while at dinner-time it is positively Gargantuan, rowing over the haunts of the biggest and strongest fishes of Scotland—

Still to be courted—never to be won.

What more fitting definition of the happy angler's life could be given? For the Major's own sake we trust it may be many long years before he kills his big *ferox*.

And now for ourselves, we must make a confession. We too have lately been bitten with this craze. For months the capture of a *ferox* was our waking and sleeping dream. Every nightmare transformed itself into a monstrous *ferox* come from the bed of the loch to swallow us, bed and all. To a perusal of that admirable book, "The Moor and the Loch," by Mr. Colquhoun, our infatuation is mainly attributable. Thenceforth Yarrell, Stoddart, Buckland, Hofland, and many more angling worthies, were piled at our bed's head, as were the Clerk of Oxford's "twenty bookes of Aristotle and his philosophy." Late in the autumn the box of fishing-rods was at length packed, and we started for Loch Erich, a "late loch," as the books call it, and therefore the most likely place for a *ferox* in September. Much did the landlord at Dalwhinnie cheer us with reports of the big *ferox* lately caught by his guests, but an ominous gloom settled over him on being straitly questioned when the last was caught, and what was the largest taken this summer. However we toiled perseveringly for a week, and every angler in the house did the same, some even prolonged their trolling to a fortnight (others may be trolling yet), but never a *ferox* was taken by the household. Not to be ingloriously beaten we declared Loch Erich an impostor, and sped to Loch Laggan. Yet another week did we troll its fair expanse—and it is fairer than any other Scotch loch—and we had during that time one "rug," as the natives term a bite. That fish may have been a monster, but it forthwith escaped. However, the lochs were low, the rivers silver threads, day one unbroken shower of sunlight, nights placid with the harvest moon; perhaps we came North too late in the year, and the *feroxes* had taken off the edge of their appetite. Laggan could not be an impostor too, for still more glowing stories of the number of *feroxes* caught in it this year were current at the little inn. So fishermanlike we made excuses and—hope. 'Twas but the per-

versity of Fate this year. Next season we shall catch a *ferox* worthy of a glass case and a place in the hall. Meanwhile our dream is still left us, and how charming in these days of listless indifference to have an object in life! Thus the reader will understand that he may hope to catch a mermaid, a kraken, or even a Conservative in Scotland, sooner than a *ferox*.

M. G. WATKINS

## THE CAR OF PROGRESS

I WAS in Paris this summer, and I was seated in an omnibus. The Car of Progress, as Edmond About has felicitously designated the vehicle in question, was at a standstill before the omnibus office, near the Madeleine. An official in uniform, who was prowling about, came up to the conductor in uniform, bringing at his heels a small crowd of would-be passengers, who waited patiently till the two officials had exchanged ideas, and a few passengers had quitted the 'bus. Then there was a slight stir, and the officials proceeded to call out certain numbers. Some did not respond to the call, having probably departed, tired of waiting. There were five seats inside and four out; these were quickly filled, and the remaining candidates for seats silently withdrew, to wait for the next 'bus. The prowling official took out a pencil-case-looking contrivance, with a seal at one end, and stamped a small square of a formidable statistical-looking document which he handed to the conductor; the latter slipped it into his breast pocket, gave the apparatus for registering inside five rings, and four rings for the outside, turned on the *Complet*, and we were off. He then entered the 'bus; the newcomers handed him their unvarying six-sous fares; two asked for *correspondance*, he had no tickets ready, but he went to the door, took out a packet of tickets from somewhere, dated them at a little machine like those used in England for railway tickets, and handed two to those who had asked for them. Finally he turned down his seat across the door, sat down, and resumed his interrupted occupation of going to sleep. The whole proceeding from beginning to end was redolent of sleep, but it was perfectly orderly. I looked upon that picture, and memory performed the same operation with regard to another picture—Regent Circus at six o'clock in the evening, the "hot corner" in Oxford Street, where all the 'buses draw up with their heads towards the Marble Arch. Up they come to the regulation lamp-post, mid shouts of "R'y! Oak," "Shepherd's Bush," "St. John's Wood," "Archer Street;" energetic men jump off and on long before the 'bus has stopped, a *queue* follows each one; there is no waiting here, every one wants to be first, they rush in frantic, regardless of those who are struggling to get out! Woe betide corns! Look out for the umbrellas with which the assailants charge, as if with bayonets. The 'bus is full, more than full, there are perhaps one or two over. "Higher up!" shouts the sturdy policeman, whose only duty it is to look after these 'buses, and hard work it is too; "Higher up!" The vehicle moves with a clang, the conductor, in the throes of giving change to a passenger, rushes after it, jumps on, catches hold of the strap, and shouts from his perch, "R'y! Oak!" "Archer Street!" No rest for him! He has all his fares to collect—in good time as each person chooses to pay him. Then he is sure to ask for "another penny," and to have some of his charges disputed, and how he manages to remember who has paid and who has not, and where each person has got in, is one of those things which "no fellow can understand." "So," said I to myself, seated close to the dozing conductor in the Paris 'bus, "this is monopoly and that competition! Which works the best?" There was no doubt in my mind as to which system was the right one. Monopoly has not a leg, in the shape of an argument, to stand upon in this age of progress and general freedom, and its evils are patent in the working of the Paris Omnibus Company. The municipality, *La Ville*, or whatever the powers that be are called, takes care of itself to the tune of an annual subsidy of one million of francs, besides an extra payment of a thousand francs for every additional 'bus beyond five hundred. One cannot, therefore—to say nothing of the human nature aspect of the proceeding—blame the Company for its economy in the number of 'buses; but when an official calmly and sleepily tells you at half-past three, on handing you ticket No. 135 in his office, that you haven't a chance of a seat till six o'clock at the very earliest, then the disappointed Briton—and that was I—may well exclaim, "Long live competition!" But, while I heartily give the preference to our free system over the shackled and trammelled one of our neighbours, I must confess we have a great deal to learn from them. Once you have got into a Paris 'bus, there is nothing to complain of. You have order and comfort, whereas in the London 'buses the very reverse is the case, except during the idle portions of the day, when you may monopolise—there is a charm in the word after all when applied to self—the space intended for two or more persons, but during the busy time you must either sit upon some one or be sat upon yourself.

A few of the Paris lines have small 'buses, but the very great majority of them run large roomy ones, with ample space for people's legs and with divided seats; whereas in London there is only one line which has any claim to comfort, and that is the line of Railway Omnibuses between Portland Road Station and Piccadilly Circus. The argument against larger omnibuses in London is, I believe, that they would impede the traffic. The same argument was persevered in in Paris for nearly ten years after the first application was made for starting 'buses there. The traffic in the English capital is certainly greater than in the French one, and the main thoroughfares of London cannot boast of the space of the boulevards and avenues of Paris; but when it is considered that the railway 'buses before mentioned find no difficulty in getting through Regent Street, that vans of gigantic proportions circulate freely everywhere, and that the rate of locomotion in the busiest parts of the City is a very slow one indeed, then there is no reason to despair of this objection being in time overruled, when the light of familiarity has gradually dispelled the mists which hang around ultra-conservative minds, and impel them to put the safety-drag upon everything, including the Car of Progress, regardless of the fact that it is toiling uphill towards improvement and not downwards to destruction. If any one is of opinion that our 'buses are large enough, I should like him to be condemned to enter, three times a day, a 'bus in which there are already five persons seated on each side. If he be a philosopher he will find food for his philosophy in the study of the total unconsciousness of the seated ten that there is another human being in the carriage in want of a seat, but if he be not particularly strong-minded, his share of sitting room, until some one goes out, is very small indeed. An extra foot in the length of each 'bus would be a great boon, and would allow of the introduction of the French divided seats. 'Arry would probably lament over the lost chance of being squeezed up against some fair occupant of the interior, and the Cattle Show passenger, immortalised by *Punch*, would, impossible as it may seem at first sight, have to remain within the limits allotted to him; but we are not all 'Arrys nor Cattle Show passengers, and so the majority would be benefited. These divided seats would also obviate the inconveniences consequent on people sitting in one place and settling there. I once saw a ponderous old gentleman do this. He was the third from the door, and the three occupied considerably more than half that side of the 'bus; two other passengers filled up the remaining space. A new comer tried to squeeze himself at the very top, where a sixth place ought to have been; his neighbours did their best to make room, but the fat man was immovable. At last the new comer addressed him in person, and asked him to move down a little. "If you will look there," responded the fat man, pointing to the glass opposite in which the passengers were all reflected, owing to the darkness outside, "You will see that I am

not beyond the centre." "I think you are out in your Euclid, sir!" "What, sir!" exclaimed the fat man, angrily. He probably thought he had been called a bad name. "Oh! perhaps you are right," said the other; "the centre—of gravity—is no doubt where you are." The sarcasm was lost, the fat man evidently took it for an apology, for he grunted satisfaction, but he did not move. Such scenes are very common in London; in Paris they are impossible. Besides the comfort of passengers, there is many a point regarding which the London General Omnibus Company might with advantage take a leaf out of the book of their neighbours. But want of space—the same evil as that of which I complain in the 'buses—precludes my even hinting at them here. The Company's last dividend was at the rate of 12½ per cent. Surely with such splendid results there can be no want of means to attain so desirable an end as improvement. The Company's 'buses are at present undoubtedly the favourites with the public, owing quite as much to the irregularities of some of its rivals as to its own good management. Let the Company profit by its unexceptionable position, and gradually effect the improvements which must take place sooner or later. The wave of progress carries high upon its crest those who have the courage to trust themselves to it, and deposits them safe upon the shore; the timid are sucked back by the undercurrent. *Verbum satientibus.*

"BUDGE"



"ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER," by Shirley Smith (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—In weather-tradition, St. Martin's summer of course consists of the few warm days which at some forgotten period of English history used to fall due about the 11th of November; in fiction the phrase, equally of course, represents an afterglow of young love in middle age. In the present case this occurs when the heroine is nearly fifty years old; so that Mr. Smith has had to solve the problem of how to fill up the time between her girlhood and her advanced maturity. The obvious method was to throw the burden of interest upon the love story of a younger generation; and this course Mr. Smith, with a besetting want of feilicity in resource, has duly taken. It is really very hard to say why the novel was written, except for the sake of hanging something or other upon what has struck its author as a good idea for a title. To divide and beat out an amount of interest, scarcely sufficient for the troubles of one generation, over two or three, is always a most unfortunate process; the interest is perpetually being lost, and is very rarely found again. The characters are very carefully fitted to their parts by peculiarities of temper and constitution, not omitting the conventional tendency towards consumption when one of them is hopelessly in the way. A certain attempt is made to satirise the Women's Rights' question, but the characters who take it up still further diminish the general interest by having nothing to do with the story whatever—by appearing for their special purpose only, and disappearing entirely as soon as that is over. Nor are their sayings and doings of sufficient value to compensate for their intrusion. Nothing can be easier than to turn out any number of novels in the style of "St. Martin's Summer"—the only thing harder than to blame them, is to praise.

"Lisa Lena," by Edward Jenkins (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.).—The author of "Ginx's Baby" must be taken to have had some useful, or at any rate well-intentioned, purpose in writing "Lisa Lena," because, in the first place, literature is never with him its own end; and, in the second place, his story, if it be purposeless, is of no account whatever. But then the nature of his purpose is exceedingly hard to discover. The most obvious guess is that he wishes to prove, by precept and illustration, how the life of a girl who performs on the *trapeze*, and who is as vain as she is agile, is not in itself conducive to morality, religion, or safety of limb. But then men of common sense do not write whole novels to prove what everybody knows—so that guess must be dismissed as absurd. Again, if "Lisa Lena" be designed as a sort of tract for the conversion of clowns, acrobats, New York millionaires, "helps," and ministers of all denominations, it is far too general in its scope to reach classes who either do not read at all, or require something much less or else much more highly flavoured than Mr. Jenkins has given them. "Lisa Lena" is the autobiography of an American female tumbler of exceedingly bad character, who goes through a great many adventures, and proves a fire-brand among all men of all conditions who come in her way. Her experiences are half religious, half professional. In dramatising the character of a foolish, vulgar, ignorant, flighty, morbidly self-conscious, and inordinately vain woman, Mr. Jenkins has succeeded to the point that a little more strength of hand would have rendered nauseating. There are such women as "Lisa Lena" who do not perform on the *trapeze*; but they do not make interesting heroines, and are the last to recognise their own portraits in any mirror that may be held up to them. With regard to those all-important things called details, Mr. Jenkins by no means shows the hand of a master. No child's earliest recollection, for instance, can possibly consist of a long and complete conversation, or of the height, in feet, of anybody, whether her father or a stranger. Nor can we quite believe that Mr. Jenkins has reported from actual knowledge half the scenes or episodes he describes; and without actual knowledge a novel with a purpose is hardly so valuable as a novel without one.

"The Conjuror's Daughter: a Tale," by J. W. Sherer, C.S.I.: (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.).—Mr. Sherer's novelette is distinguished by many admirable qualities. He has adopted the sensible and thoroughly artistic course of taking for his plot a story which will bear repetition in a great many shapes before it ceases to be attractive, and has thrown upon his characters the work of giving it fresh and original interest. In this they entirely succeed. There are not many authors, even among the best, who are able to keep so varied and strongly contrasted a corps of *dramatis personae* so well in hand. Whether dealing with the queerest and most out-of-the-way corners of Bohemia, or with Anglo-Indian topics, or with clerical life in many widely differing shapes, Mr. Sherer is always at home, and always in human sympathy with his surroundings. Wide experience, large and ready sympathies, and an almost feminine tact make him a most delightful literary companion. He has much easy and quiet humour, his philosophy of life is full of heart, and he never caricatures. He can even make us take a kindly interest in variety and weakness by helping us to understand them. What negative defects the story has arise from a certain over-delicacy—we scarcely care to call it timidity—of style. It is just possible to push fear of bad taste too far. The same kind of praise which belongs to "The Conjuror's Daughter" is due also to the shorter and less important tale of "Myrtle and Nightshade," which follows it in the same volume.

"What Will Society Say? a Story of Society and the Stage," by H. C. Coape (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers).—Mr. Coape is of opinion that Society does not treat the stage well. Actors—whether professional or amateur—will hardly thank him for his championship in respect of grievances which they are by no means likely to find out for themselves, especially as their champion is more than commonly feeble. But then it seems that, in order to fully understand and appreciate "What Will Society Say?" it is necessary to have read a novel, called "The Ringwoods of Ringwood," by the same author, to which the reader is referred in foot-notes, or otherwise,



whenever further elucidation is required. No doubt Mr. Coape has the precedents of Balzac and of Thackeray to support him in assuming his reader to be familiar with all his previous novels; and it may be that "The Ringwoods of Ringwood" is a more famous novel than we happen to be aware. It is certainly not likely to have less literary merit than its successor.

## AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS II.

**A BAZAAR AT ALGIERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.**—All the characteristic bazars in the lower part of the city have now disappeared, but many still exist in the upper and more purely Arab part of the town. They owe their preservation entirely to the steepness and narrowness of the streets, which render them impracticable for wheeled conveyances, and, therefore, inconvenient for Europeans. A peculiarity in this drawing is the conical head-dress of the woman waiting her turn at the fountain. This was similar to the *Tantoura* of Lebanon, and has long ceased to exist.

**GATE OF THE CITADEL OF GAFFSA.**—Gaffsa, the ancient Capsa, the treasure city of Jugurtha, taken and destroyed by Marius, is the capital of a rich oasis, the most northerly in the Djerid of Tunis. The Kasbah, or Citadel, is a large irregular square flanked by towers. Numerous fragments of Roman sculptures and inscriptions are still to be seen built into the walls.

**TURKISH BATH AT TUNIS.**—The Baths at Tunis play the same rôle that they do in all Oriental countries. The men resort to them actually for ablution, the women make a much more serious affair of their weekly visit to it. They usually spend an entire day there, and make that an occasion for meeting their friends and talking scandal. It is almost the only opportunity they have for indulging in a little innocent dissipation. A peculiarity of Moorish architecture in Tunis is well shown in this sketch, the spiral colouring of the columns, nowhere else practised in the Barbary States.

**MOORISH COURT.**—Moorish houses were always built round an open arcaded court, the *oust* of the Arabs corresponding to the *infrarium* of the Roman and the *patio* of the Spaniard. The pavement was generally sunk a few inches in the centre, to carry off the rain, but sometimes, and especially in the country where space was no great object and water was abundant, separate courts were built in the garden, provided with a central basin and marble fountain, intended more especially for the use of the females of the household. Our illustration is a peculiarly fine and characteristic specimen of such a kiosk.

Our engravings are from a valuable collection of drawings made by Sir Grenville Temple, and now in the possession of Colonel K. L. Playfair, H.M. Consul-General in Algeria.

## THE STORMY PETREL

THE ancients took the liberty of naming this little web-footed bird after the Apostle Peter, since it ever is in the habit of "walking on the waves," and, needless to say, long practice has made it able to do it with far more confidence than the Apostle displayed on his historic attempt. Though so mixed up with sacred things, this does not save the poor bird from bad repute, and more bad language has probably been hurled at its innocent head than on the whole collective race of the feathered folk. The inhabitants of some of the outlying Scotch islands are wont, as if in bitter revenge, to make use of the young birds, which are much more easily got at than the old parents, by killing them, and then passing a wick straight through their bodies, and out of their bill construct a rude sort of lamp, as on the wick being lighted it gradually draws every drop of oil out of their well-supplied system, and lasts, giving a good light, for a winter's evening.

It is not generally known that the petrel is more than half nocturnal in habits, and greatly dislikes the glare of full sunshine. Therefore it is that when black clouds and gloomy mists settle down on the ocean it feels more disposed to show itself than on some bright summer morning. Nothing can exceed the gracefulness of its motions when on the water. It is a perfectly unique sight to see it come dashing down the side of a big billow, which rises like a mountain behind it. It treads the waters, ever on them, never in them—it rises and falls with the waves, it goes up the slopes and down the hollows, and when it sees the wave about to break into a foaming mass of spray, bounds into the air and clears it all.

## ON THE LINE

FROM Sydney to San Francisco across the Pacific Ocean is, considering the present means of fast travel, a long journey. It is a matter of a month, but a month pleasantly passed, for it is generally a fine-weather passage, and the steamers of the Pacific Royal Mail Steamship Company are specially built for this route, and, with their spacious deck cabins and well ventilated dining-saloons in the fore part of the vessel, are simply the perfection of comfort for tropical climates.

Our sketch represents a scene on board the good ship *Zealandia* the afternoon we crossed the Line. Passengers lying in their deck chairs are lounging about the deck, reading, knitting, and lazily chatting. Tea is being brought in by a native of the Flowery Land. Snarley, the ship's dog, is panting at the feet of the Captain who, seated on the mail gun, has nothing better to do just now than to make himself pleasant to the fairer portion of the passengers. Every one is supremely happy and comfortable.

This sort of life goes on day after day all through the journey from Auckland to Honolulu. At first the active-minded American passenger will somewhat rebel, and will wish himself back on shore; but he, like the rest, soon settles down to his fate, and to the calmness and solitude of the vast Pacific, gently undulating with its enormous swells. The throb of the vessel is hardly perceptible as she cleaves the oily waters, and, by her movement through the still air, sends a faint breeze over the decks, softly cooling the face and counteracting the enervating effects of the tropical heat. And as one lies on a lamboo chair or a blanket, under the shadow of the hurricane deck, dreaming, smoking, sippingiced "pegs," or pulling one's self together with a frothy cocktail, the whole life is so demoralising that the fractious passenger begins to think that the idea of landing and once more diving into the bustle and noise of a shore life becomes more and more of a nightmare as the good ship steals gently over the ocean to San Francisco.

## AN OPIUM DEN AT THE EAST END

THE localities where the opium shops are found are about Ratcliffe Highway, Limehouse, and Shadwell. These are usually kept by Chinese, a Chinese inscription in the window announcing that the accommodation is provided within. The customers are usually Asiatics, dockyard men, and a few civilised beings now and then from the West End. The dens are small, dark, comfortless tenements, but clean. The operation of smoking is as follows:—Lying upon his side, with his head upon a pillow, the smoker reclines shoeless upon an elevated couch or bed, covered with matting or such other bedclothes as he may prefer. His pipe is a rod of bamboo or sugar-cane, from twenty to four-and-twenty inches long.

At about one-fourth of its length from the end is what looks like a bowl, but is in reality an enamelled clay block, shaped like a peg-top with the upper round cut off, forming a flat circular slab, about two inches in diameter. In the middle of this slab is drilled a small hole, sufficiently large to afford entrance for a stout hair-pin. The smoker takes the pipe in one hand, and in the other a steel pin about seven or eight inches long. The end of this pin he dips into opium, which is a thick fluid, of a dark brown colour, strongly resembling treacle in appearance. Held over the flame of a small glazed conical lamp, the opium gradually frizzes and hardens. When it is tolerably firm in substance, it is turned about on the slab of the pipe until it becomes cone-shaped, and it really requires no little skill and practice to bring it to that form. Sticking the apex of the cone into the hole drilled in the slab, the smoker drives the pin home through it to secure a passage for air; then turning the pipe so as to bring the flame of the lamp to bear upon the little mass of hardened opium, he takes long inspirations, throws off dense fumes of smoke, and—in Elysium!

The visitors to the opium divans regulate their enjoyment according either to their pecuniary resources or their opportunities of leisure. Some will smoke two or three shillings' worth; but sixpence worth, which is about a thimble-full and half as much again, seems to be the ordinary allowance. The opium, it should be remembered, undergoes at these establishments an ingenious process of manufacture, to make it fit for smoking. It is a costly compound, the price of a gallipot, no bigger than a breakfast cup, being 3*l*.

## THE "MILOR ANGLAIS"

EVEN in these days of "sweetness and light," the average Frenchman remains rather incapable of understanding the habits and manners of his British cousin. He thinks of him as of a creature of strange garb and stranger manners; he unconsciously, yet invariably, misrepresents both his acts and his motives, and he regards his customs as a highly civilised man of science might regard those of the Esquimaux. M. Esquirois himself cannot comprehend him, M. Edmond About unwittingly libels him, and M. Taine stands almost aghast at the Englishman of his imagination. We do not pretend to explain why we are so misunderstood by our neighbours, we can only accept the fact, and study for a few moments "ourselves as others see us." And first let us examine the "Milor Anglais" as he is depicted in French journalism, and in French caricature. His hair is light—often red—and his whiskers, which are of a sandy hue, are of that cut which Lord Dundreary has immortalised. His nose is large, his eyes are blue and brilliant, and his lower jaw is muscular and determined. On his head he wears a Glengarry cap, and his long thin legs are encased in inexpressibles of scant dimensions, but of gigantic pattern. His waistcoat, which is capacious, is either white, or of some checked material. Over it is a loose velvet jacket; and across the whole is slung an opera-glass, protected by a case, and suspended from a narrow strap of patent leather. His watch-chain is very heavy and solid; one of Mr. Murray's guide-books peeps from his pocket, and his shirt-front is set off by a row of huge diamond studs, and a flowing green and yellow necktie. This gentleman never ventures out without an umbrella; he walks with great rapidity, and he is always possessed of immense wealth. Behind him, as he goes, march his fat wife and a long array of ill-dressed children, and he treads the earth as though it belonged to him, and all other persons upon it were his slaves. When he is thirsty he drinks immense draughts of "pell-ell," or "portaire," and when he is hungry nothing but a joint of "ros-bif," or a large "bif-tek" will satisfy him. It is but fair, however, to allow that he is on all hands believed to be a paragon of domestic virtue, a model of taciturnity, and a marvel of physical strength. But he swears more terribly even than those soldiers of whom Uncle Toby related such startling experiences, and, although he is a good husband, he occasionally places a halter round his wife's neck, and hurries her off to Smithfield, there to sell her for a pot of "biaire," if perchance she be worth so much. And he is very eccentric. He insists that his will and his word are the laws by which other individuals are to regulate their conduct; he requires an abnormal amount of water for his morning ablutions: he carries a tablet of Old Brown Windsor in his portmanteau, and he takes every opportunity of repeating his favourite maxim that an Englishman is as good as three Frenchmen. Yet he is not easily aroused. He wins or loses at play with equal unconcern, and, although he rarely or never addresses a foreigner with even rudimentary civility, that is simply because he is accustomed to regard all people save Englishmen as his inferiors in every respect. But he delights in abusing, even if he be not angry. He deems it his sacred duty to run down all landlords, waiters, chamber-maids, cooks, guides, and porters whom he may encounter on his travels; he stigmatises them as cheats and swindlers, and he curses them if they do not happen to speak English or at once to comprehend his French. He seems, moreover, to be a stranger to fatigue: he gets up early and goes to bed late; he sees everything with marvellous rapidity; he goes everywhere; he learns nothing; and he quits the Continent more firmly convinced than before that the French is a nation of no account whatever. As he enters the country, he not infrequently makes an abortive attempt to smuggle in a small quantity of something which is contraband, and, upon being charged with the fact, he shakes his fist, mentions his nationality, threatens to appeal to his ambassador, and swears he will write to *The Times*. When liberated, he goes on board talking rather wildly about Waterloo and Trafalgar, and thanking his stars that in his country there are no such things as republics, and communes, and revolutions, and cabbage-leaf tobacco. Such is the "Milor Anglais," as described by French caricaturists.

French fiction pretends to treat him from a more serious standpoint, but the attempt is always a failure. Let us take, for instance, the descriptions of English life in a French novel, "Vertu," which was published some five years ago by Calmann Lévy. The author, M. Gustave Haller, expressed a hope that his labours would lead his compatriots to a better appreciation of British manners and customs, but it is doubtful whether he did much towards illuminating the darkness. The hero of his book, a captain in the Guards, is a gentleman of socialist opinions, but an Evangelical in religious matters, and his name is James Trimmin. His military duties leave him many leisure hours, and these he devotes to preaching and to advocating total abstinence; but, not being apparently very successful in his mission, he consoles himself by compelling his servant, on pain of dismissal, to sign the pledge. This, for a professing socialist, seems rather tyrannical: yet the Captain is nothing if not inconsistent. He is in a Household regiment, but, at the same time, he is poor. He is poor, but, at the same time, he has a house in Portland Place. He can afford no better, so M. Haller says.

Another astonishing character is a City merchant, rejoicing in the name of "Sir Delmase." His wife, Antoine, has a lover, who, though the son of an English Peer, has a Hindoo mother; and the half-breed, in spite of his gallantry, is described as praying of an afternoon with great devotion at St. George's, Hanover Square. He kneels in front of a golden altar, where, adds the author, the Archbishop usually officiates on Sundays. Under these circumstances one is scarcely surprised to learn that "Sir Delmase" and his family habitually go about with daggers in their pockets.

M. Haller assures his readers that he has resided in England, and has picked up his information on the spot. If so, the fact only proves that M. Haller lived during that period with his ears and eyes shut. He resembles the rest of his countrymen in his inability

to understand us; and his book only differs from others dealing with the same topic in that it is a trifle more grotesquely amusing.

Thus are we misrepresented! Yet, after all, the briar has its rose. The French regard us as eccentric, but not as vicious. They give us credit for courage, determination, rough honesty, and high morality,—for higher morality, indeed, than we have any legitimate claim to; and, upon the whole, they respect us. But they unconsciously look at us in such an absurd light that they cannot help laughing at us. They gauge us by their own standards, instead of by special rules; and, until they learn that their system of estimate is deceptive, they will remain in their mistaken notions about us. It was their unwillingness to study English institutions which led, some years ago, to a ludicrous controversy in the Paris press. One paper spoke of Sir Gladstone, when alluding to the present Premier. Whereupon another pointed out that, being, as he then was, First Lord of the Treasury, he was, of course, Lord Gladstone; and a third journal, remarking that the subject of dispute was at the head of the English Government, and therefore at the top of the social tree, triumphantly declared that his proper title was the Duke of Gladstone, and nothing less. Then an English paper noticed the matter, and graciously corrected the innocent editors of Paris.

W. L. C.

## BITTER OR SWEET?

ARE they bitter or are they sweet,  
The thoughts that come and go?  
As laugh and shout ring merrily out  
And the dance beats to and fro?  
Matron, watching the youngsters there,  
Your gallant lads and your daughters fair,  
I scan your face, and I long to share  
The thoughts that o'er it glow.  
A thousand memories crowd and fleet;  
And are they bitter or are they sweet?

Oh, half are bitter and half are sweet,  
The thoughts that melt and glow;  
For they lead me back on a quiet track  
Through many a winter's snow.  
And the grey old men and the lads that died  
Are the warm young wooers that sue or chide,  
And I am the Queen of Christmastide  
In the Valley of Long Ago.  
When the past and the present meet and greet,  
Some thoughts are bitter and some are sweet.

Nay, are they bitter or are they sweet?  
I know not,—who may know?  
I nod and smile, but I feel the while  
The warm tears softly flow.  
Our roses wither, our joys grow cold,  
Yet girls are winsome and lads are bold,  
And a kiss will be sweet as it was of old  
Though we lie cold and low.  
The wizard thoughts that charm and cheat  
Are sweetly-bitter and bitter-sweet.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

## KINGLAKE'S "CRIMEA"

THE "Winter Troubles" which form the argument of this Sixth Book of Mr. Kinglake's prose epic will lead us for great part of the volume far from the actual scene of war to trace their causes in a maze of offices about Whitehall and their victims in the hospitals on the Bosphorus. We shall see Mr. Kinglake's hero—his first plans marred by "the fated word, the fated man, the fated gift" (General Burgoyne and the siege-train) which changed what might have been "swift conquest" into "painful lengthened siege"—penned in a bleak corner of the self-same peninsula which after Alma had been within his grasp; his victorious soldiers, the conquerors of Alma and of Inkerman, hardly so much besiegers as besieged; so overtaxed that the labour needed to make a metalled road from Balacava to the Heights could not be exacted without yielding ground before the enemy; so tardily provisioned that, for weeks after the fatal November storm which sunk their chief supply ships off their little port, "ammunition and biscuits" were the only matters of which, after all, there was no default. We shall further see how the anger of the public rose high at the destruction of its famous regiments, overturning Ministers, censuring Generals, yet really doing very little more than aggravate the burdens of painstaking men already doing their best in their own fashion. And, lastly, we shall find a cure wrought for one of the worst evils, the mortality among the sick and wounded, by the gentle but unsuspected strong agency and "the agile brain-power," not "lamed" by long working in fixed routine grooves, "of Woman."

In all these main divisions of the present, as in Mr. Kinglake's earlier volumes, extreme discursiveness and the frequent reiterations as of an advocate somewhat overborne, for all his skill, by the mass of evidence he has had to get up, are scantily compensated even by the vigorous English and facile aptitude for mordant phrases. There is much, no doubt, historically interesting in the inquiry into the system, or rather lack of system, a quaint survival of the "personal" monarchy which compelled officials who could not, of course, think of turning to a little "crimson book" close by, containing names of men who out in India had conducted campaigns upon a greater scale than any waged by Continental Powers since Waterloo, to improvise a War Department out of hand, the primary cause of one-half of our disasters—the other half being probably no more than must in any case have followed from change of plan and wintering unprepared on "the Crim Tartary downs;" much splendid, if exaggerated, enthusiasm in the descriptions of the work done by Florence Nightingale, the "Lady-in-Chief" at Scutari, by Miss Stanley at Kullali, or by "Tom Tower and his Croats;" much piquant writing in the chapters on "the demeanour of England" when things were at their worst, and, above all, on the demeanour of the great journal, then at the zenith of its fame and power, on whose change of front, whose plainspoken disclosures, and whose harshness towards the General in command, Mr. Kinglake fastens with an almost personal sense of wrong.

Yet to us, who look on these things after the lapse of years, Mr. Kinglake seems more than ever wanting in judicial sense of due proportion. The personality of his hero—the just, though scarcely, on Mr. Kinglake's own showing, supremely resolute and able man, struggling against adversity and unfairness—chained to his desk till far into the night, that he might send home minutest pictures of the camp, yet accused later on of leaving Ministers uninformed—writing cheerily in the darkest moments, and finding afterwards that this very cheeriness had caused "statistical" minds to under-rate his wants—visiting his soldiers every day, yet so undemonstratively, under the folds of his long cloak, that many said he rarely visited them at all, and ever maintaining that bold front towards the enemy on which the very existence of his skeleton army, too feeble now to resist a counter-attack in force, depended—all this inspires Mr. Kinglake with such passionate admiration, that his history becomes a huge brief for the defence. The picture, certainly, is grand and powerful, but the overloaded colouring will hardly, we fear, bear the test of time.

\* "The Invasion of the Crimea," by A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VI. (Blackwood and Sons.)

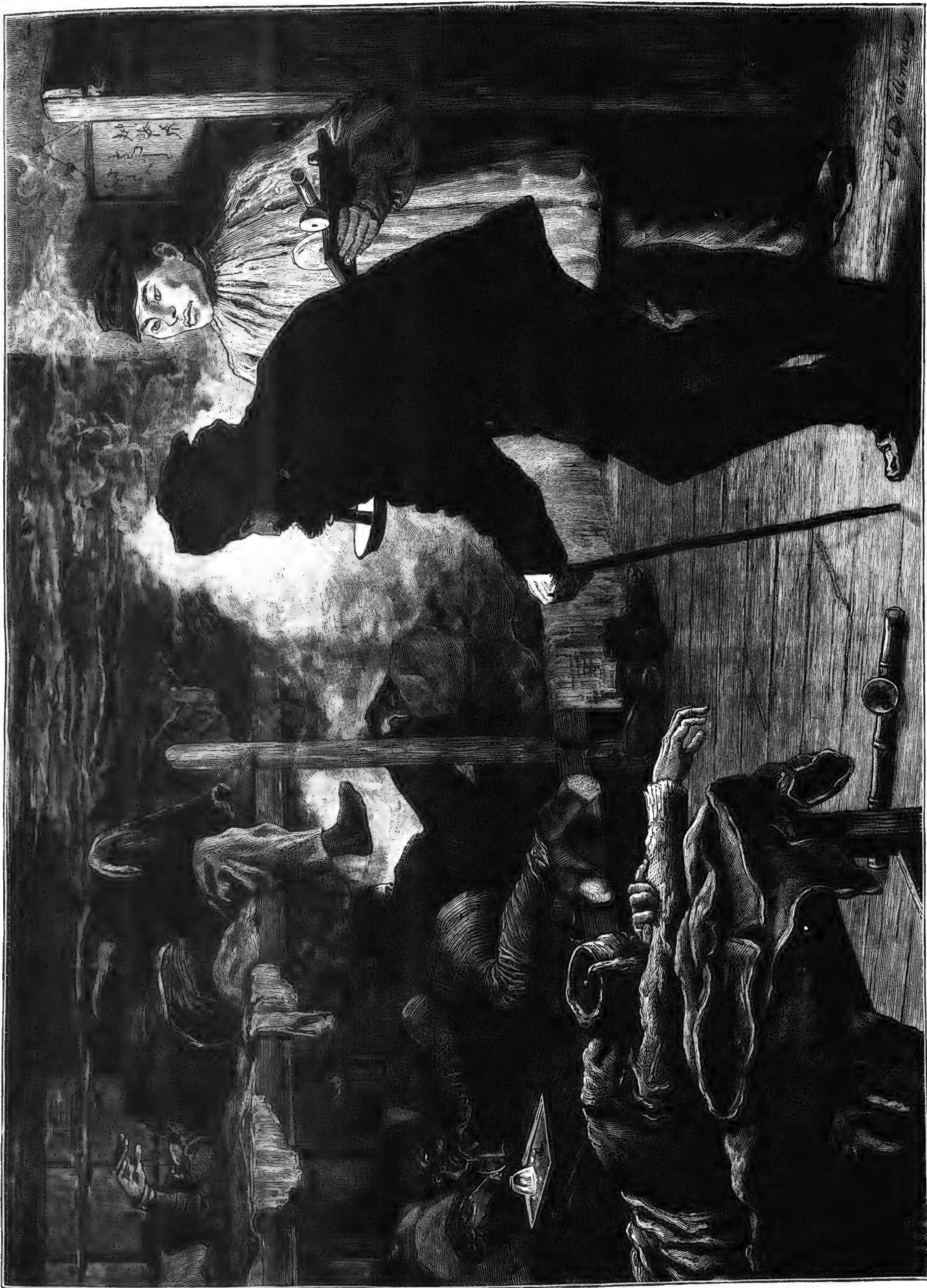




A SUNNY AFTERNOON

Luc Davis





LONDON SKETCHES—AN OPIUM DEN AT THE EAST END





Mr. A. H. SWINTON is a born naturalist: and he who cares to discriminate the various notes of bees and moths, and flies and beetles, and to determine what sounds are due to wing movements, and what to the contraction of the spiracles, will find "Insect Variety, its Propagation and Distribution" (Cassell and Co.) a delightful book, full of the results of that conscientious labour which is a labour of love. It is the very poetry of entomology, breathing on every page that charm which is found nowhere save in the works of those close observers whose enthusiasm is less puzzling than their instinct in selecting details. But Mr. Swinton does not limit himself to microscopic facts. The effect of light on colour (the scale of colour-differentiation being easily determined—black, for instance, coming out more strongly in Alpine and Highland specimens); the laws of insect adaptation, no less certain though more obscure than that which developed the horse from his five-toed ancestor; the wonderful range of some butterflies, due to the periodical northward flight of vast swarms—of the "Painted Lady," for instance; the strange fact that two dissimilar caterpillars, e.g., of the *Acronycta*, produce the same kind of moth, and *vice versa*—such are a few of Mr. Swinton's topics. Nor does he neglect the past; he shows what insects teach us about the recurring glacial periods, and the time when dragon flies and hawk moths fed the pterodactyles of the Purbeck time. Thus the range of the book is much wider than might be expected from its title; and, whatever the reader may think of the theory that all insects originated in *Neuroptera*, he cannot fail to be interested in the immense array of facts old and new which Mr. Swinton has pressed into his service. Sometimes his language is too Miltonic for his subject, as when he speaks of a female moth waking up as "some bulky cynosure announcing the term of her siesta," nor do we think that the "screet" of a couple of warblers in a barley-field "has quite the zest of a band of Christy's minstrels." But such eccentricities of style amuse the reader, and do not lessen the value of the work as a sound contribution to Darwinism.

For nearly three hundred years, from Edward III. to Charles I., the regulation price of native oysters was 4d. a bushel. They now cost twelve guineas; and Mr. Hore tells us that, unless over-dredging is stopped, and a really close season enforced, the public grounds will be wholly denuded of oysters. His grievance against Mr. Buckland is that, while advocating a close season for private fisheries, he says the public grounds must be "continually dredged, and dredged, and dredged to keep them clear and free from oyster pests." Carry out this policy, says Mr. Hore, and you will soon be wholly dependent on the foreigner. Oyster famines, by the way, are no novelty. In 1634 the price ran up from 4d. to 2s. 8d., all the best being carried off by the Flemings and Dutch, under colour of supplying the Queen of Bohemia and the Prince of Orange, Sir Dudley Diggs being in this, as in other matters, a notable law-breaker. The making of new beds seems risky work; though sometimes it is enough to drop a few hundred large oysters in a river-channel. In this way, some two hundred years ago, the "River Mene," as the old historian calls the Menai Straits, was successfully stocked. Trawling with small-meshed nets is as destructive as over-dredging; and Mr. Hore seems thoroughly to prove his case as to the destruction of miniature fish in the "cod-end" of the trawl. Would this destruction be stopped by doubling the size of the mesh? Mr. Holdsworth says, "No, for the strain on the nets closes the meshes, no matter what their size." He and Mr. Jex accuse one another of not being "practical fishermen." The matter is of such importance that we trust it may not be hastily settled. Something must be wrong when our trawlers have to go all the way to Jutland to get a good take. "The Deterioration of Oyster and Trawl Fisheries of England" (Eliot Stock), the little book in which Messrs. Hore and Jex set forth their views, is a valuable contribution to a subject which the nation must not let the Legislature lose sight of.

Messrs. Silver's "Handbooks for South Africa" and "To Australia and New Zealand" (Silver and Co., Office of "The Colonies and India," Cornhill) have reached a third edition, and they richly deserve their success. Containing all that an intending emigrant can want as to the natural capabilities, statistics, &c., of each colony, they are also a rich storehouse of facts interesting to the general reader. The history of the Cape Colony, for instance, is so full, that even those best acquainted with the subject will be sure to learn much from it. The picture of the Dutch occupation—its paternal meddling, its petty restrictions, and the strongly religious tone which Boer society owed to Huguenot admixture—will be something quite new to most readers. The natural history of both the African and Australian colonies is remarkably well done; nor are scenery, sport, or climate neglected. Everything is said that could reasonably be looked for in such works; and there is no waste of space in needless detail. This power of saying the right thing in a few words is a marked feature of both volumes. We know, for instance, that consumptive patients are being sent to South Africa. Why? Not because the air is dry; else why not try New York? But because, with this dry air, the nights are cool, whereas in New York they are sometimes so hot as to prevent sleep. Thus in three lines the peculiar value of South Africa as a health-resort is set forth. One thing is carefully pointed out in both volumes—each colony has its own wants; some, for instance, like Sydney, can absorb a certain number of artistic workmen, who would be wholly out of place in a newer and poorer settlement. The different styles of cultivation in the Australian colonies and New Zealand are well characterised; the wonderful way in which laying down artificial grasses has succeeded in the Northern Island being duly insisted on. The Australian volume contains a chapter on Fiji, and the South African handbook embraces the debateable land of Delagoa Bay. Of the former we read that the climate, though tropical, is remarkably pleasant during most of the year, epidemic fevers being unknown, and dysentery the only disease that Europeans have to fear. Each volume has a capital index; indeed, the only omission we have noted is the work of the French missionaries among the Basutos. How much these Basutos owed to Sir P. Wodehouse when the Free State Boers were threatening them with total destruction in 1868 is set forth in a way which makes the recent conduct of this tribe savour of ingratitude.

The Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, Mr. Malleeson, explains the title of his admirable volume, "Jesus Christ: His Life and His Work" (Ward and Lock). It is not a life; for which, indeed, there are no sufficient records; what we have being almost confined to three years. It is a memoir; and it was taken in hand from the feeling that no such work had been written for the mass of the people. Lives of Christ are too costly; here is a work, well-illustrated, with good type and paper, at a very moderate price indeed. If any one asks, "Are not the Four Gospels enough?" Mr. Malleeson says: "Read the passages at the head of one of my chapters, then read the chapter, and if you find you've learnt nothing to help, strengthen, comfort—lay my book aside, it is not meant for you." We certainly think there are few, even among scholars, who may not gain something from every page of the work; while for the unlearned it is brimful of valuable teaching. The arrangement is excellent, and the brief comments are simple and to

the point. The barren fig-tree is a good instance of Mr. Malleeson's manner: "Fault-finders love to lay out a little sickly sentiment on this unfortunate tree. If an inanimate object could claim any this sentiment at all it would be one of gratitude that it was made the channel of such a warning." We are glad Mr. Malleeson finds a word of praise for De Pressensé; and we quite agree with him in thinking it would be instructive to hear the criticisms of one rationalist on another, of Strauss on Ewald, and *vice versa*. His book deserves success; plain as it is, and fitted to interest the uneducated, it is at the same time full of the results of much careful reading. It is, as we have said, an admirable work, and very timely in these days of often ignorant scepticism.

Forty years ago Mr. Macready wrote to a young man who sought his advice: "The profession of the stage is one that no well-regulated mind would adopt from choice." Has the theatre improved? Can it be reformed by the clergy themselves going to the plays which they recommend, as a recent writer in *Macmillan* advises? The Rev. Charles Bullock thinks not, and has just published the paper he read on the subject at last year's Church Congress. "Popular Recreation: The Theatre as it is; and the Oberammergau Play" (*Hand and Heart Office*), takes quite the opposite line from that advocated by "The Church and Stage Union." When *Punch* gives us Miss Jones at the French play saying to the astonished Grigsby: "Ma doesn't understand French. Isn't it jolly?" something ought to be done; for in Bishop Lightfoot's words: "The degradation of the stage is only one token of a much more general corruption." We deplore the worthlessness of most plays and the "riskiness" of a good many; but is Mr. Bullock's plan the wisest? Will the stage grow better for being sternly discountenanced by all the good? People will go to the theatre; if, therefore, the theatre can be purified, so much the better for us all. Dancing used to be considered a heinous crime in some circles; it is surely not more harmful now that it is generally held to be innocent. We do not see how the case would be altered even if (as Mr. Bullock suggests) the British Museum was opened every day in the week. Most visitors to the Oberammergau play seem to have been edified; Mr. Bullock (who does not appear to have gone) holds, with the *Record*, that the performance was a vulgar and horrible profanation. He has clearly not said the last word on this or on the more general subject of Church and Stage.

Again M. Gustave Masson lays Guizot's "Children's History" under contribution in "St. Louis and the Thirteenth Century" (Low and Co.), the second instalment of "Episodes of French History." No doubt this is the true way to teach history, not to burden the memory with strings of dates and names and unconnected events, but to take some man, and gather round him all that is interesting in the age to which he belonged. A better man than St. Louis could not have been found; and M. Masson has set forth him and his times in a way, not only to catch the attention of school-boys, but to help more advanced readers. His chapter on "The Kingship in France" may be read with profit even by ripe scholars. We are very glad that he gives *verbatim* the quotations from Joinville and the other chroniclers, explaining hard words in a glossary which is only one of his appendices. We heartily recommend the book, and suggest its use in schools for retranslation.

"Peru," the new volume of "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" (Sampson Low and Co.), is well worthy of its author's reputation. Mr. Clements Markham gives a picturesque sketch of the country in its three divisions, coast, sierra, and mountain or forest land of the Amazon basin, carefully noting products, animals, inhabitants, &c. He gives also a good account of the architectural monuments of the country, and of its pre-Spanish history and state of civilisation. Of modern Peru, its painters, sculptors, and historians, he gives interesting details, summing up with old General Miller's saying, "With her immense resources, a good Government, and tranquillity, what may not be expected?" The volume is well worthy of the excellent series to which it belongs; unfortunately, writing last December, Mr. Markham could not anticipate such an utter break-up as has resulted from the war with Chili.

"The House on the Bridge, and Other Tales," by C. E. Bowen, and "Nimpo's Troubles," by Olive Thorne Miller (both Griffith and Farran, London; Dutton, New York), are books to delight children and to make grown up people sorry they can't be children over again. Miss Miller's one fault is that she writes Americanisms like, "I think she's horrid particular, any way." We wish it were otherwise; it is a pity that a child's pleasure in a really good story should be marred by papa's reasonable fear lest the young reader should learn to talk as New York children appear to do. Miss Bowen's tales are not open to this objection; and without "preaching" they all teach excellent morality. "The Brussels Knife Grinder" is as pretty a little tale as we ever read,—founded, too, on fact.

"How Women May Earn a Living," by Mercy Grogan (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is just one of those apt and handy epitomes of information which are often desired but seldom met with. The book is as comprehensive as its title, embracing as it does the whole field—by no means narrow—open to gentlemen in the present day, especial regard being had to the wants of those who have to depend wholly upon themselves for support. It is worth noting that, after common sense and business habits, Miss Grogan finds that a sound knowledge of drawing is most likely to be useful. It is required in a great many occupations peculiarly adapted to women, and, as the author significantly adds, it can frequently be turned to account in obtaining temporary employment. Another point also is that, after making inquiries regarding a large variety of female occupations (and, judging from her book, these inquiries have been very thorough), Miss Grogan concludes that teaching is still the most suitable, and, under certain circumstances, the most remunerative employment open to women. A good deal more, however, than an "ordinary" education is now required to qualify for positions in educational establishments. Altogether, the book is a remarkably wise, practical, and useful guide; and it will be no small help towards a solution of what is, perhaps, the most difficult social problem of the day.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—Four songs and a descriptive duet from Arrigo Bonto's successful opera, *Mefistofele*, with Italian and English words, are already well known and popular in musical circles. The duet between Helen and Pantalès is highly dramatic, but loses its effect without stage accessories; as a musical *tableau* for an *entr'acte* at private theatricals it would prove most attractive, at the same time the translation is far too literal, and so void of poetry as to make us ask who has so handled the sweet flowing Italian verse. Two of Faust's songs are very charming: "Dai campi, dai prati," and "Giunto sul passo estremo." Mefistofele's ballad, "Sono io! spirito che nega," is very dramatic; whilst Margaret's pathetic song, "L'altro notte in fondo al mare," will prove effective in the concert-room as in the drawing-room.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—Modern and useful ballads of an ordinary type are: "Life's Lesson," words from the *Victoria* magazine, and "The Hawthorn Tree," words by J. H. Brown; the former is for a tenor, the latter for a mezzo-soprano; the music for both is by L. Pinheiro.—Better far than the above is the elegant

verse of Shelley's "Time Long Past," which Maria E. H. Stisted has set to a pleasing melody.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Highly to be recommended to the earnest pianoforte student is a "Wrist and Finger Exercise," in a single study, by Aug. Buhl, who only asks for from ten to fifteen minutes' daily practice to develop and maintain thorough flexibility, strength, and independence of the wrist and fingers. Doubtless his system is excellent, and cannot fail if faithfully carried out (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—A pretty and somewhat original tenor song is "Love's Message," written and composed by W. Whitacre and J. H. Lewis; the words deserve the larger share of credit; although the music is fairly good (B. Williams).—"The Sun Shines Everywhere," a ballad, bears the stamp of inexperience, and for that reason may be dealt leniently by; the words are by L. C. Miles, the music by H. C. Miles; neither rise above mediocrity.—Precisely the same may be said of "The Pioneer's March," by Oliver Cramer, a third-rate piece for the pianoforte (Messrs. C. Salter and Son).—A so-called "ballata," "La Zingarella," by Matilde Young is an elaborate copy after Ardit, but lacks his talent; it will serve the purpose of a vocal exercise (Messrs. Cramer and Co.).—Of rather a superior type to the general run of ballads is "Two Worlds," the pleasing poetry by Knight Summers, the music by Ciro Pinsuti; the compass is moderate, from C below the lines to E on the fourth space (Messrs. W. D. Cubitt and Son).—Lillie Albrecht comes to the fore with "Amour Inquiet," an Idyll of sufficient merit to induce the "band of the Royal Horse Guards" to perform it in public; this clever young composer does not need the clasp of a pompous frontispiece to recommend her pretty piece for the pianoforte (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—At this season of harvest thanksgivings, a service of sacred song with connective readings will surely find a welcome; "Harvest-Tide," words by S. C. Clarke, M.A., the music edited by Arthur H. Brown, is well calculated for the schoolroom or church (F. Pittman).—Very well meaning, but mistaken, are "Suite de Pièces," by Henry Stiehl, which he entitles "Ten Easy and Melodious Musical Miniatures" for the pianoforte. Granted, they are clever trifles, but require the mind if not the fingers of a musician to pronounce them "easy" (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—Three specimens of dance music of a very ordinary type are: "The Flying Dutchman Polka," by H. Harrington; "Gavotte, Madame de Lamballe," by V. Daire (Alphonse Bertini); and "Les Voix de la Nuit," a valse, by Walt (Messrs. Goodwin and Tabb).

### PARASITES

It seems a singular thing that fleas, which are certainly enemies of mankind, should also be a favourite topic for men of science, still more so for men of imagination. Goethe devotes a song to fleas in *Faust*, and a kindred insect inspired Burns with, perhaps, the best known of all his poems. There is another insect, happily described by Charles Dickens in an account of an evening at a bad hotel, as being *like* a ladybird, but *not* a ladybird. It is needless to specify it more particularly; especially as it is quite unnecessary to leave our own little island in order to become very intimately acquainted with it. It is smaller than a bee in size, but, like that insect, is a monosyllable, and commences with the same initial. An eminent insecticide—perhaps originally a thin-skinned sufferer—had noticed the inevitable success with which this enemy of his was sure to find him out. The way in which he was hunted by even a solitary individual was painful but interesting. To the man, in his capacity of being a skeleton, wrapped round with tissues, and covered up in skin, which, though known to be threefold, was yet felt to be thin, the attention of the insect was painful; but science is superior even to sensation, and the instinct of the biter became the study of his prey. How was it that he was sure to be found out? He was determined not to be baffled in his inquiry, and laid his plans with the care of a philosopher preparing for a discovery. He had all the furniture removed from his dressing-room, the carpets taken off, and the curtains folded away. Nothing remained but the bare walls and the bare floor. He had next four holdfasts driven into the ceiling, and short chains hung from them. Then he had his bed brought in and suspended from the chains, so that the castors were a couple of inches from the ground. Lastly, he got into bed himself, armed with a very powerful opera glass. A friend then introduced carefully into the apartment a tolerably lively specimen of the familiar insect, and shut the door, leaving the hunter alone with his quarry. The bug, watched by the man through the opera glass, crossed the floor gaily and made straight for the bed; but this scheme was defeated by its insulated position. The two inches of space became a difficulty. He tried the other three legs, one after the other, with a pertinacity which should have won success, but was everywhere confronted with the same difficulty, and the philosopher triumphed in his bed. Then a new idea struck the insect. It deserted the bed, or at least its neighbourhood, and made straight for the walls, closely pursued by the philosopher's glass. It crawled slowly up the paper till it reached the ceiling, walked upon it till it reached a point directly over the bed, and then fell flop down on the philosopher's cheek. Whether that victim yielded himself to his enemy, or deserted his swinging citadel and escaped, is not told.

The transition from the accuracy of science to the irresponsibility of poetry is violent, but the connection is supplied by the power of the same little insect to inspire men of letters with rhymes.

In 1547, when Henry III. was King of France, the courtiers had all assembled in the gay capital of Poitou. The King was there, and so, too, was Mlle. des Roches, noted all through the province of Poitiers for her beauty, her virtue, and her accomplishments. Science in those days, and literature, too, were not inconsistent with Court life. The celebrities of the place had assembled to celebrate the "Grands Jours de Poitiers."

All these *savants* and men of letters had come one day to present their compliments and their adieus to the beautiful Mlle. des Roches. In the midst of the embraces and protestations which were the custom of that day, it was obvious that a corpulent flea had settled on the young lady's neck. It was not possible to disguise what was so very evident to every one except herself; and, while all the courtiers were restrained by politeness from mentioning it at the time, there was nothing which could prevent them discussing it amongst each other afterwards. We must remember this was three hundred years ago, when poets were seeking for subjects, and every little circumstance inspired a *bon mot*, or a sonnet, or a rhyme. All the courtiers dipped pen in ink to sing the praises, or the happiness, or the impudence of Mlle. des Roches' flea. The wits of the capital followed the suit led by the wits of the Court, and never was any individual insect so be-rhymed, sung, satirised, envied, and abused. Grave scholars seemed fascinated by a subject which had at least the attraction of oddity, and French, Latin, and Greek were all put under requisition to express in metre or in rhyme every variety of sentiment.

The subject so completely "took," that the works of these various poets were collected and published under the singular title, "Mlle. des Roches' Flea, being a Collection of Poems in Various Languages by Various Learned Personages, Produced during the Great Days held at Poitiers in 1549." Three editions of this work were exhausted, and it is still keenly sought after and valued by the book-hunters of Paris. Since then the popularity of the flea has declined, nor was it thought necessary to include him in the curious and interesting exhibition of insects which was recently held in Paris.

W. L. W.



## MARRIAGE.

On the 20th ult., at Christ Church, by license, JOHN H. WILKINSON, late of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., and MISS ANNE TOWNHEND, of Victoria Terrace, The Vale, Ramsgate.

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BRITISH BURMAH—A GROUP OF POLO PLAYERS



RUSSIA—BLESSING THE WATERS



Bridge Ground, Nottingham Forest has beaten Nottinghamshire in an Association game by four goals to none.—Lancashire has inflicted a ten goal to love defeat on Staffordshire.—Casualties in the game have already been reported; among them that of an Eton master breaking his leg while playing with some pupils.

**BILLIARDS.**—Cook, the Champion, has beaten Mitchell, 2,000 up, the latter receiving 400 points. After the game Joseph Bennett challenged the winner for 100*l.* a side and the title of Champion, the game to be played on November 8.



**LORD JUSTICE THESIGER**, who has been for some weeks seriously ill, died on Tuesday from blood-poisoning, the result of inflammation in the ear. He was only forty-two years old, and had been on the bench but three years, having formerly been Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. Allusion was made to the mournful event in the Vacation Court on the same day by Mr. Justice Field, who said that if he acted on his own personal feeling he would adjourn the sitting, but he knew that the late Lord Justice had such a strong feeling of public duty that he would have been the last to desire such a mark of respect.

**SMALL FINES, AND COSTS.**—The Home Secretary replying to a letter from Mr. Wyburgh, one of the magistrates of Cockermouth, respecting the apparent anomaly of imposing a fine of say one shilling and then ordering him to pay costs, points out that since the passing of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1879, justices had powers to remit fees in any case whatever, and that the object of the Legislature in passing the 8th section of that Act undoubtedly was that in cases where a fine adjudged on conviction did not exceed five shillings, the Court should, as a rule, not order the defendant to pay any costs to the informant, and should remit all fees payable by the informant. In order that this rule should not be departed from, except in special circumstances, the section made its observance obligatory, except so far as the Court might think fit to expressly order otherwise.

**THE SULLIVAN-CALLAN LIBEL CASE** came on for hearing at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday; and, as the defendant did not answer to his name, application was made that his recognisances should be estreated, it being stated that he had taken no steps to get made absolute the conditional order which had been granted for the removal of the case to the Queen's Bench. Mr. Callan's counsel stated that his client had gone away on the understanding that the trial would be removed; and after some discussion Mr. Justice Denman, having first consulted with Mr. Justice Bowen, agreed that the trial should be postponed to November, the defendant finding sureties and paying the costs within ten days; the recognisances to be estreated, but the estreat not enforced; and if the defendant did not appear on the first day of the next session, a Bench warrant to be issued against him.

**LODGING-HOUSE LAW.**—A curious and noteworthy decision has just been made in the Margate County Court. Cross actions were brought—a gentleman who had engaged furnished apartments in the town claiming damages on account of their being uninhabitable by reason of the bugs, and the lodging-house keeper suing for breach of agreement in his not paying the rent. There was great conflict of evidence as to the condition of the rooms; but the presence of one insect which had been caught by the plaintiff could not be disproved, and the Judge decided in favour of the aggrieved lodger, dismissing the claim against him, and awarding him 10*s.* damages, besides costs in both actions. He, however, remarked that "there was no reflection on the owner, as accidents would happen in the best regulated families."

**A BRAVE POLICEMAN** named Diamond, while on duty in Chelsea in August last, was called to settle a drunken quarrel, in which some roughs of both sexes were engaged. He did his best to make peace, and left the spot, but seems to have given special offence to two ruffians, named Smith and Norman, who subsequently waylaid him on his beat and severely maltreated him, kicking his leg so that it was fractured in two places. In spite of these injuries the plucky fellow held on to his assailants until another constable arrived, and both were secured. They have just been tried at the Central Criminal Court, and each sentenced to two years' hard labour, a technical flaw in the indictment preventing the addition of a flogging which the Recorder would otherwise have imposed. The jury added to their verdict a rider expressing a hope that the gallant conduct of Diamond would be duly acknowledged by the police authorities.

**MUTILATION OF ANIMALS** is a crime which has hitherto been extremely infrequent on this side of St. George's Channel; but two outrages of the kind are reported this week—one at Accrington, where a horse belonging to a farmer has been killed by disembowling; and the other at Penarth, near Monmouth, where the ears and tails of some cattle were cut off, and the animals were otherwise injured.

**"MADAME RACHEL,"** the person who became notorious a few years ago as claiming the power to make people "beautiful for ever," and who, after suffering seven years' penal servitude for fraud, was convicted and sentenced a second time in 1878, died in Woking Prison last week from dropsy. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of "Died by the Visitation of God."

**LONDON THIEVES AND LONDON CITIZENS.**—An "M.P." writes to *The Times* stating that the other evening, while in St. James's Street, he was suddenly assaulted by a thief, who tore open his coat, and stole his watch-chain and appendages. He started in pursuit, shouting "Stop thief!" and though "skillfully and violently interrupted" by a supposed confederate, kept up the chase, but both men escaped him. He complains that though Bury Street was full of people, none attempted to capture the thieves, while the police arrived only in time to hear the confession of a stalwart butcher (who might easily have stopped the accomplice), that his idea of the duty of a citizen was to "attend to his own business."

**TWO JUVENILE BURGLARS**, each about twelve years old, were on Monday charged with "wrecking" the St. John's National Schools at Birmingham. They admitted the offence, saying that having broken into the building, and being disappointed at finding no money, they tore up the books and broke the furniture, including a piano. One of these precocious desperadoes, who had been previously convicted, was sentenced to fourteen days in gaol and five years in a reformatory; while the other was remanded with the view of sending him to an industrial school.

**AN UNLUCKY FORTUNETELLER**, who, though professing to see into futurity for other people, was clearly unable to foresee his own fate, was the other day charged at the Middlesex Sessions as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. It was proved that he told fortunes with a pack of cards; and as he had been twice before convicted for similar offences for which he had undergone sentences of three months' and six months' imprisonment, he was now sentenced to ten months' hard labour.

**ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO POISON.**—At Lambeth a servant girl, aged fifteen, is in custody on remand charged with having

attempted to poison her mistress. She is said to have put a quantity of laudanum, enough to kill two persons, into a cup of coffee; but the lady's suspicion was fortunately excited by the taste and smell.

**LOADED FIREARMS.**—The danger of firearms in the hands of careless or inexperienced persons, which has been so often commented upon, is exemplified by an accident which occurred at Shoreditch last week, where a young man named Russell shot his sister, a child of thirteen, with a pocket-pistol with which he was playing, being ignorant of the fact that it was loaded.

**MR. SPURGEON'S RESIDENCE** at Norwood has been visited by burglars who did much damage by breaking open boxes and cutting bags containing important papers, but possessed themselves of only a few valuables, amongst which, however, was a gold-headed cane, presented to Mr. Spurgeon by Mr. John Gough.

**BROWN v. WHITE BREAD.**—This case has been argued almost continuously for scores of generations, and yet it may still be said to be *sub judice*. Strange, indeed, that it should be so; and that we should still be in doubt as to the best method of treatment in the way of preparing for human food that cereal which from the beginning has been the staple of sustenance for man almost all over the world. Probably the most primitive way of bread-making was to soak the grain in water, subject it to pressure, and then dry it by natural or artificial heat. An improvement soon made on this was to pound or "bray" the grain in a mortar or between two flat stones, and from this "braying" some etymologists consider the word "bread" (brayed) derived. Now most persons will agree with the proposition that man has the privilege of improving his use and adaptation of the gifts of Providence, and that there is no finality in his so doing, but we think it may be argued with a fair show of probability that he would be led by instinct, as it were, at once to use in the way best suited to his wants the most important and most necessary of those gifts. We find in this case that he used "whole meal" from the first, or, in other words, brown bread, and therefore we shall venture to argue he was right. But there has been a fashion in bread as in other things. As humanity is much influenced by outward appearance, white bread, at least in this country, has practically superseded brown among all classes of the population, though at the same time it must be acknowledged that several eminent authorities, including the well-known dietist, the late Dr. Edward Smith, have been from time to time on the side of the white. The great bulk, however, of scientific opinion has been in favour of brown, and now we have formed a Bread League to propagate its use. Most of our readers have probably made themselves acquainted with the lecture delivered by Miss Yates a few days ago, and her demonstration, not new indeed, but very true, that by eliminating the outer skins—i.e., the bran, pollard, &c.—from our ground meal, we eliminate the great bulk of the constituents of wheat which go to build up bone and muscle, and support nerve and brain power, is sufficiently striking to cause the question of white and brown bread to be one of national importance. By all means then let it be fully and freely discussed. Let the medical world be invited in some formal way to pronounce its opinion; let learned societies, for instance the Society of Arts and its Food Committee, at once and fully investigate it; let experiments be made in the use of the two kinds of bread in some of our public institutions; in short, let one and all contribute as far as they can to elucidate the matter and settle it if possible for ever. Let, too, the millers who now grind whole meal, the bakers who use it, the champions of "Hart's Whole Meal," of "Chapman's Whole Meal," of M. Mège Mourié's system, as practised at the Scipion Works at Paris, and other specialist millers and bakers contribute their knowledge to the common stock; and let, too—for now is his time—Mr. M'Dougall, of Mark Lane, press on public attention his peculiar flour, so highly spoken of by Baron Liebig, to which, by certain chemical additions, he restores to it the phosphates lost in the process of milling and fining. It is not too much to say that this question is one of life and death, especially to the working classes.

**NO BOOTS.**—A decision given by Mr. Bushby at Worship Street Police Court in connexion with School Board authority is scarcely likely to conciliate those who are inclined to regard its operations as being in certain respects harsh and tyrannical. At the same time, the case serves to illustrate the difficulties with which the officials, as well as the parents of the poor children, have to contend. A number of summonses were taken out against people who had endeavoured to excuse themselves for neglecting to send their children to school, on the plea that they had no boots to wear. The superintendent attended, and informed the magistrate that the excuse tendered was not allowed to be a "reasonable" one; that children were admitted with boots or without; and that "all that was required was that their nakedness should be covered." The magistrate with some warmth sided with the School Board officer, stigmatising the excuse of "no boots" as ridiculous, and declaring that he should never more allow it. His worship added that in Scotland it was the rule rather than the exception for the children to attend school barefoot. It can scarcely be claimed, however, that the worthy magistrate's view of the matter derived much support from the fact last mentioned. The circumstance that it is the rule and not the exception in Scotch schools for the children to wear no boots simply shows that it is a custom of the country. The children are habituated to it, they are in no danger of taking cold, and the parents are free from all sense of shame and humiliation on account of the pedal extremities of their little boys and girls being uncovered. It decidedly is the rule, and not the exception, amongst English parents, no matter how poor, to cover up their children's feet if possible, and very few indeed would feel disposed to take full advantage of the latitude allowed them by the superintendent to send their youngsters to school merely with their nakedness covered. This much is certain, that what the Worship Street magistrate chooses to denounce as "ridiculous" is in the eyes of a large number of mothers a source of much pain and anxiety—especially at the present time of year. It may be all very well in the warm summer months for a child of tender years to trudge half a mile to school with its small toes touching the pavement, but when there is icy mire about it is quite another matter. Every one who knows anything about the domestic economy of the labouring classes is aware that the one family worry constantly presenting itself, and never fully satisfied, is "more boots," though the decent pride of the parents prompts them to forego other necessities to meet the demands of the small claimants. The approach of winter, however, brings with it hard times, and it is just when sound shoes are most required that poor people are least able to buy them. It can scarcely be called ridiculous if a poor mother demurs to send her child, who has had no previous experience of the trying ordeal, barefoot into the streets, or that she should have an objection, if the upper leather of the boots gave from the lower that it should go through the mud to school, and pass hours with its feet wet and benumbed with deadly cold. The easiest way out of the difficulty appears to be to establish a Society for providing the children of destitute parents with boots for the winter. Many a "movement" costing more money has been set afoot without a prospect of doing a quarter as much good.

**OUR BAD BOYS.**—There are not wanting indications that the great amount of discussion which of late has been going on relative to the punishment of juvenile offenders has been noted, and possibly taken advantage of, by the individuals most interested—the delinquents themselves. If it be not so, it is a remarkable coincidence

that ever since humanitarians, led by Sir William Harcourt, have taken to write to the papers for the purpose of pleading for more tender dealing for the little ones, juvenile rascality has assumed a more defiant attitude than was ever known before. Scarcely a day passes but the police reports include yet another example of girl or boy voice and depravity. A budding burglar of ten years old is found removing tiles from the paternal roof so that he may enter in at the gap, and rifle, rob, and plunder while his father and mother are away. An entire gang of boys who have not yet entered on their teens, led by a captain, are captured, and accused and convicted of systematic shoplifting. A poor mother finds it necessary to administer slight corporal punishment to her little son, aged thirteen, when some one else's little son of about the same age, rushes to the rescue, and between them they assault the woman and knock her down. These are three cases that appeared in as many consecutive days, and within the past six weeks at least twenty more, though perhaps of not quite so grim a complexion, might be quoted. As already stated, it may be merely accidental that so much juvenile audacity should so suddenly develop itself. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that these are times when children of ten, or even younger, are as capable of reading newspapers as their elders, while a large number of them are at that age worldly enough to take an interest in the events of the day. There can be no question that a boy evilly disposed, but who had refrained from anything outrageous by fear of possible consequences, would read with much satisfaction that whatever he did he was not to be sent to prison; while, as for the suggested alternative of fining his parents, the idea being that by that roundabout process he—the young evil-doer—would be tolerably sure of coming in for a sound thrashing, he is probably so well used to home punishment in its severest form that his carcass, in a manner of speaking, is as corned as his conscience, and he is not the least afraid. There is, to say the least of it, some danger of legislators and the philanthropic public generally measuring boys by too generous a standard. The children of the lower classes are marvellously precocious, and hundreds of them, although actually but twelve years old, are more knowing in the ways of wickedness, and as capable of considering its intricacies, as the average of grown men.

**DOOR-SLAMMING ON RAILWAYS.**—A newspaper report of an action successfully brought against a railway company for compensation to a passenger for injury inflicted by the violent shutting of a carriage door by a porter, should remind all railway travellers of the humiliating fact that the door-slaming demon on most of our lines still holds his own for a time, though it is now several years since public indignation, as it seemed, was goaded beyond further endurance by the contemptuous refusal of station porters to close the carriage doors with less insolent disregard for the nerves of the company's customers. Columns of "letters" appeared in the papers, one and all declaring that the nuisance had at last become unendurable, and must straightway be put a stop to. As far as one can remember, however, the remonstrative correspondence elicited no kind of response, defensive or explanatory, from any one of the culprit companies. They may or may not have communicated with the platform porter on the matter. Anyhow there has not been the least abatement of the horrible slamming from that day to this, and the railway-travelling public have settled down in meek resignation to their fate. It is worse than a pity that it should be. If the foe must be successfully fought single-handed, there should be a combined force raised against him. We have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the cause of humanity cries with as loud a voice for an Association for the Suppression of Door-Slamming. It is the more annoying that the abominable practice has so long been permitted, because, generally speaking, there are few things that rouse an Englishman's ire more than the slamming of a door. He will recall a servant from the bottom of the house to the top to amend such a rudeness. Even the accidental banging of the hinged medium of entry will sometimes raise a muttered big D to lips to which all such letters, as a rule, are an alien alphabet. Door-slaming in another public conveyance—the omnibus—at one time used to be pretty freely indulged in as a free and easy signal from the conductor to the driver that the passenger was deposited, and the vehicle might proceed. An appeal was made to omnibus proprietors, however, and the bell was substituted for the slam. As hundreds of railway travellers can bear witness, it is anything but a joke to have one's spine unexpectedly shaken by a noise as loud and startling as that of a gun let off within a foot of one's ear. And if men feel the disagreeable effect so severely, how must it be with sensitive women?

**PAINTINGS ON HAT-BRIMS** are the newest freaks of fashion across the Channel. The Comtesse de Paris was the first to have her coat of arms painted on her bonnet and strings, and now several of the huge Velasquez-shaped black felt hats which Sarah Bernhardt takes with her to astonish Transatlantic admirers are elaborately ornamented with flowers, buds, and butterflies, painted by some of the best Parisian artists. Indeed, Mlle. Bernhardt's wardrobe, of which we have already heard so much, was one of the sights of Paris last week, and the *Parisian* gives a glowing description of the wonderful toilettes. Foremost among these are the dresses for the *Dame aux Camélias*, one—which the fair Sarah styles her *toilette à sensation*—having a train strewn with camellias cut out of white satin and powdered with real silver and pearls, and two thick flounces of camellias, another costume being of cream velvet, painted with pink camellias and humming-birds. A blue plush dress, with a bodice and scarf of pale blue pearls, is for the *Sphinx*, a brocade train of silver grey, ornamented with eglantine, for *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which was specially made in Lyons; and a black velvet gown sewn with pearls and painted with birds and flowers for the *Etrangère*, are amongst the most striking contents of the enormous trunks now in the hold of the *Amérique*. Mlle. Bernhardt also takes her pictures, marbles, and other artistic treasures, and intends to keep a journal, to be published on her return.

**PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS IN AMERICA** inspire some queer devices for gaining supporters. Thus just now in the chief cities of the States dead walls and pavements bear in bold characters the number "329," and the same figures are printed in prominent type on the pages of the Democratic journals. These figures signify the money in dollars which the Democrats accuse their opponent, Gen. Garfield, of having received corruptly in a recent financial scandal, and the accusation is so spread about as to reach the eyes of every voter. The election fever rages so hotly just now that the very "candies" dear to every Transatlantic child and maiden take such party names as "Garfield planks" and "Hancock tails."

**THE ITALIAN VINTAGE**, which promised so well, has been considerably injured by the early cold weather. Lemons, too, will be unusually scanty this year in Italy, so had a crop never having been known, and the oranges have been equally damaged by frosts. In Hungary, on the other hand, the vintage prospects are highly favourable, and the grapes have been largely exported for table use. Indeed, Hungarian grapes of late have been much in demand for dessert, while the wine was brought up eagerly last year in Switzerland and France for the first time on record.

**TWO MAGNIFICENT COMETS** are prognosticated for next year by an Indian writer, who, according to the *Times of India*, announces that these heavenly bodies will be visible from April 1 to June 12, will stretch across one-fourth of the heavens, that they occupy 2,025½ years in their revolution, and that they eclipse the brilliancy of the midday sun, and "form the Original Light of Creation, the light with which the Genesis of the World opened, thus fulfilling all prophecy, and settling Biblical chronology beyond dispute."



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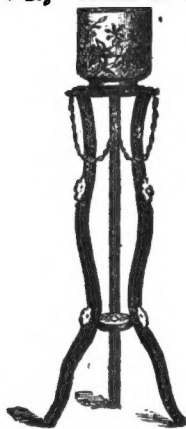
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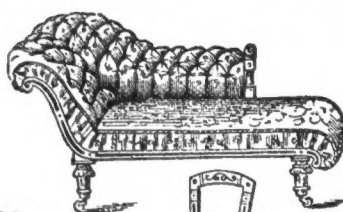
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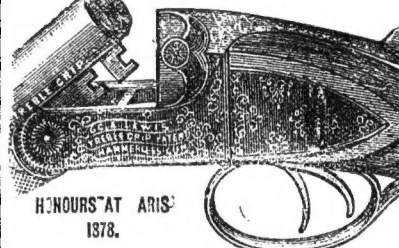
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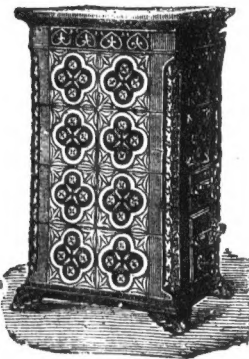
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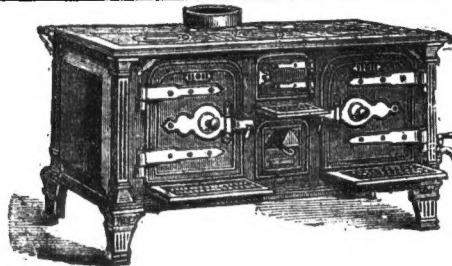
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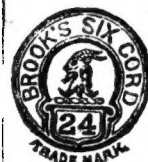
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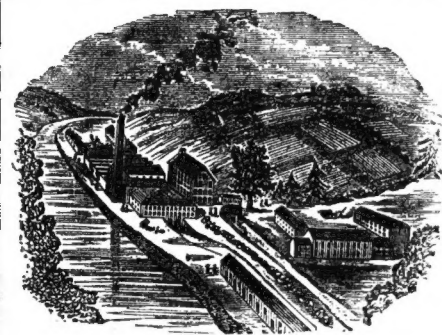
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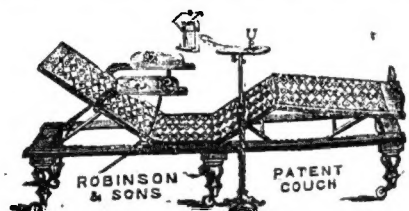
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